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Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

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Edmund Quincy, } Editors.

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"The Peculiar Institution."

It is well occasionally to find an exception, were it only to prove the general rule. It is, however, no less grateful to Abolitionists than to others sometimes to find an instance of a planter who has enough of the spirit of humanity towards his slaves to treat them in any respect as if they were human beings.

HON. WM. AIKEN'S PLANTATION.

Upon Jehossee [situated upon the Southern part of Edisto Island] there are between seven and eight hundred slaves. In the management of these, Mr. Aiken merits the commendation of every lover of humanity. A lesson from his book would go far to dissipate the idle notion which Abolitionists entertain, of the working of the slave system, and would prove highly valuable to many of our own planters.

The habitations of the slaves on this plantation present the appearance of a neat little village. The houses are of uniform size, and contain four apartments each, with double fire-places of brick. Attached to every house is a small garden and yard in front. The slaves are required to cultivate their gardens; and in every yard is a poultry house, and other suitable buildings. All the houses are kept neatly whitewashed inside and out, and the strictest and most constant cleanliness is required on the part of the occupants. There is also a commodious and well-arranged hospital, to which every sick negro is carried, and attended to during his illness. This building is supplied with numerous rooms, each comfortably furnished with clean bedding, &c. Nurses are always in attendance, and a skillful physician is yearly employed. In the same building is a large hall for invalids; and the whole arrangement of the place is after the plan of the best conducted hospitals in the country. Care is taken that no negro is permitted to "play sick," while equal care is taken that every real ailment is promptly and kindly attended to.

The best kind of food and clothing is given the negroes. They cook for themselves, it having been found that the slaves infinitely prefer their own mode of cookery. The food of the children is cooked for them by nurses, who attend them during the absence of the parents, at a building called the Nursery.

The great question, "Whether our slaves can be religiously instructed, with benefit to themselves, and advantage to their owners," Mr. Aiken has most successfully solved. On his plantation he has a neat Chapel, at which religious services are performed semi-monthly, by a Minister employed for that purpose. Every slave is required to attend, and each is orally instructed and catechized by the Minister. Marriages are performed according to religious rites, and a Christian code of morals is strictly enjoined upon the slaves in their intercourse with each other. More than one half the negroes on the plantation are communicants of the church; and as few cases of back-sliding are said to take place as in any religious community of equal number. Felonies are almost unknown among them, and those petty crimes which, on other plantations, are considered unavoidable, with these negroes are of rare occurrence.—*Colonization Paper.*

From the Correspondence of the Jefferson County Democrat.

SLAVE AUCTION IN MOBILE.

* * * * Mobile, for a place of its size, is a great market for slaves, and slave auctions are frequent. I witnessed many of these sales in different parts of the South, but never did I have my sympathies more fully aroused than I did at a sale of slaves I attended here. These slaves had belonged to a kind master, and as but few of them had ever been sold, they all appeared to be laboring under the greatest anxiety in reference to the future. A few hours before the sale the slaves are exposed for examination, &c. There were one or two old negroes who were disposed to be quite witty; one of them, an old decrepid negro, expressed to a gentleman a desire to go back to Africa; said the gentleman, this is a good country, plenty to eat, plenty to drink, plenty to wear, make plenty of money here, you are a bad nigger to want to go back to Africa. "Eh! make a plenty money, God know dat, but no make um for nigger, make um for white folk," was his reply. One old negro, who had a wife and two children, told a gentleman who asked him if he was good to work—"Yes, me strong stout nigger, me can work first rate, me don't care who buy me, me will work good for him if he buys Dinah and de picaninnies, but if dey takes me from dem, I'll die before I work!" And the compressed lip and earnest decided voice, told clearly that it would be so.

When the sale begins, the auctioneer, and slave to be sold, stand on a platform, so that all can see them; sometimes the auctioneer deals in the lowest slang and vulgarity, and sometimes they are gentlemen.

When the sale began, you could see the negro offered for sale, show the greatest anxiety; his eye followed that of the auctioneer, and as the bid came from a kind master, his face would lighten up and his eye brighten, but when again it rested on a doubtful or cruel master, his face would change, the smile would disappear, and despair almost rest upon his countenance. If sold to the master he wanted, such a burst of joy as pealed forth from his lips I have never heard; no one could imagine that the human face was susceptible of such rapid changes from joy to sorrow, from storm to sunshine. All these slaves evinced the greatest anxiety, which was shown by the quivering lip, the convulsive twitching of the face, the suppressed tear, the heavy sigh, and the broken answer in reply to the different interrogatories put to them by the buyers. It is painful to witness these sales, and see men sell and family ties sundered. And it is also painful to listen to the questions put to the slaves as to their soundness, ailings, sickness, ability to work, age, habits, &c. &c. Slaveholders, generally, dislike to sell their slaves at auction, and as a general rule, they will not do it unless obliged to. And buyers, who want negroes, prefer cheerful ones, and therefore dislike to separate the negro from his family. But there is a large class of speculators whose only object is to make money, and to them the negro is what the horse is to the jockey, a kind of property to be sold and traded in any way so as to realize the most money. They feel no personal interest in the slaves, and therefore to them they are only a commodity in which they can traffic for gain, and these men will generally sell the slave in any way that they can realize the most money, whether in families or separated. I was pleased to notice in the sales I witnessed at Mobile, an unwillingness on the part of the auctioneer to separate families, and even where he was desired to separate them refused to do so. There are many noble instances of kindness and regard to their slaves among slaveholders as well as instances of accursed cruelty. As long as the system lasts, such cases must exist. But to charge upon all slaveholders unkindness and cruelty, is not only unkind, but false; there are many masters who make it their study to render the position of their slaves happy. But, however any one may be pleased with the general kindness of the masters to their slaves, all will dislike to see signs of "Horses and Slaves" for sale at auction, and regret that under any circumstances family ties should be sundered.

From the Arkansas Intelligencer.

CONDUCT OF WHITE FOLKS IN THE CHOCTAW NATION.

A white man named John Lewis, who with his family was travelling on the military road—making tracks for Texas—was overtaken near Col. Kinney's by another white man named Shaw, who "lightened him" of his wagon, and tilted Lewis's family—seven women and children, and one at the breast—out upon the road. The deplorable sight of his suffering family rendered desperate the ill used father, who "*borrowed a pistol*," returned and retook the wagon; but he had no sooner installed his interesting family in it than Shaw returned with several armed men, and after "discharging several rounds," compelled the unfortunate Lewis to surrender his *castle*. He and his family are now encamped in the nation, in an almost starving condition, depending on the liberality of the Choctaws for subsistence, and appeals to his white friends to "come and help him off."

Pro-Slavery.

From the Herkimer Journal.

ATTACK ON MR. BIRNEY.

Let the two hundred and forty thousand slaveholders of the South rejoice, and let their Northern allies and sycophants clap their hands, and shout for joy! A most malignant and venomous assault has been made upon the character of our noble BIRNEY. Edmund Quincy, of Boston, a person claiming to be an *Abolitionist*, has lent himself to this wretched business; the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* is the channel through which the attack is made; and the article, issued in extra slips from the office of that paper, has been sown broadcast over the country. The *Clay Abolitionists*, poor fellows—whose consciences, where they are not seared as with a hot iron, have given them no rest, day nor night, for some weeks past—have clutched at these extras with the desperation and tenacity of death, and are running harum-scarum from door to door, with the astounding intelligence that Birney is the greatest rascal on the footstool! As though this miserable libel upon an eminently just and good man could purify the soul and hands of the great Ashland Slaveholder and champion of Slavery, whom these gentry support for the Presidency!

But what has Mr. Birney done, and what are the terrible charges against him, in reference to which these Clay Abolitionists froth and foam so desperately? The answer involves a reference to the Anti-Slavery movement for some years past. The assailant, Mr. Quincy, one of the writers for the Standard, is also one of the non-resistant and nondescript sect pertaining to the "old organization" of the Abolition forces, whose head and front are the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies—a set of men who have, from the very first, resisted the formation and progress of the Liberty Party.

With these individuals, Mr. Birney, and a number of his personal friends came unavoidably in contact several years ago, because they did not concur in the course to be pursued by the Abolitionists toward the religious and political organizations of the land, and the wisest means to overthrow the giant evil of Slavery. Mr. Birney was at this time a member of the Executive Committee of the American Society. The question of "women's rights," the transfer of the "Emancipator," the formation of the Liberty Party, &c. coming up successively for disposal in the meetings of the parent Society, the views of Mr. Birney and the Non-Resistants did not correspond, and the previous breach, instead of being healed, was greatly widened.

All this difference of opinion, however, we believe was perfectly natural and honest in the parties—and each was doubtless actuated by a sincere desire to promote the great cause of Freedom. But everybody knows "how great a matter a little fire kindleth;" and bitterness, and rancor, and personal hostility, was very naturally engendered in some minds by these conflicts of opinion; and everything said or done by Mr. Birney was thenceforward caught up, perverted, and exhibited to the world as evidence of his personal depravity—notwithstanding the immense sacrifices which the whole world knew he had made in behalf of Truth, Justice, and Humanity.

When Mr. Birney came to be proposed as a candidate for the Presidency, these old feelings of enmity were revived and rekindled afresh; and it is strongly suspected by some, that a latent *Whiggish* propensity on the part of the movers and managers of the Standard has had its full share in producing the bitter and baneful attack of Quincy. However this may be, one thing is certain—the attack is made in pursuance of a threat on the part of that gentleman, some weeks ago, that he would prove Mr. Birney to be a more objectionable candidate than either Clay or Polk. If the design of this was to inflict a deadly wound upon the Liberty Party, by a gross and treacherous assault, at a critical juncture, upon one of its worthiest, ablest, and most cherished friends, it will fail of its intended effect: if it was only meant to soothe the consciences of those who claim to be Abolitionists, and yet are resolved to vote for slaveholding tyrants, that design will probably have been answered.

THE GREAT TORPEDO.—Some months ago the Whig papers all over the country circulated a notice that Edmund Quincy, Esq. a son of President Quincy, and brother of the Hon. Josiah Quincy, the chief marshal of the Whig party in Boston, was about to issue, at his convenience, a document that would show that Mr. Birney was, to Abolitionists, the most exceptionable of the three candidates for the Presidency, worse than Mr. Tyler himself. Well, the mine has been sprung; the "Standard Extra" was advertised in the Whig and Democratic papers yesterday and the day before, as for sale at No. 25 Cornhill. We have seen a copy, and it is but a warming over of the stale slanders which Mr. Quincy and his Whig coadjutors circulated, and which the public passed judgment upon, last year, as frivolous and malicious. It is a repetition of the controversy of "old organization."—*Emancipator.*

A DOCUMENT FOR THE PRO-SLAVERY PARTIES. Edmund Quincy, inspired by an extraordinary regard to truth and justice, has repeated for the hundredth time his absurd charges of "dishonesty" and "betrayal of the cause," against James G. Birney, and issued them in hand-bill form for the use of such of the Whigs and Democrats as will not scruple to malign a good man for the promotion of party interests. It is fine work for a Non-Resistant, to be getting up hand-bills for the use of the demagogues. We commend the author and his stale wares to their favorable notice.—*Granite Freeman.*

From the (Boston) Mercantile Journal.

ABBY KELLEY.

The staid editor of the Exeter News Letter, was lately *enticed*, by an expectation of hearing the vocal music of the Hutchinson's, to attend a Convention at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he had an opportunity, for the first time, to listen to the eloquence of Abby Kelley, the famous anti-slavery orator. The effect of her eloquence on the feelings of our friend the editor, appears by the following extract from an article on the subject in the News Letter, to have been neither very convincing or satisfactory:

"... was holden in the Temple, consecrated to Temperance in drink, and, if not to Intemperance in everything else, it is open to almost everything of a public nature, whether extra, ultra, or moderate. Upon this occasion, it was occupied by Miss Abby Kelley, who was making a zealous harangue against the Constitution of the United States—the Government under which she was living and enjoying (perhaps too much) the privilege of unsexing herself with impunity. She held the Constitution in her hand, and railed against it in good set terms. She swung her hands—stamped with her feet—smote on the desk—shook her garments—struck her breast—courted notice—and defied opposition. To those accustomed to such exhibitions, it might be well enough; but to me it was novel and painful. We had heard of women in Europe, who were yoked up like cattle, and ploughing the fields of France; or who, harnessed in carriages, were drawing coal in the mines of England. We had heard, too, of women, in corrupt and profligate cities, who were among the most vicious and abandoned of the human race—and we had read of females who were foremost in war, and hurrying into battle, kept their husbands and sons engaged at home, with the dish-cloth or distaff:—but we had never chanced to see any of these Amazons, slaves, or reprobates.

"The women of New England are of a different class—an entirely different order. They are modest, retiring, delicate, sensitive—shrinking from the public gaze, and devoted to home, and constituting the charm that makes home so delightful—devoted to their husbands, and constituting the sunlight of their existence—devoted to their families, and constituting that silken cord which binds their very hearts indissolubly together. O may woman be ever, and everywhere, such! But such was not Abby. She stood in the midst of the great assembly—she sought their applause—she heeded not their censure—she was unappalled, unabashed, and boldly met the gaze of the boldest. The Temple was filled—not a seat was unoccupied—at least a thousand persons were present listening to her crudities, or gloating at the public exhibition of her form and gestures. She talked fluently, superficially, impertinently, and seditiously. A man would not be tolerated who should speak as she spoke, and act as she acted. She trampled the Constitution of her country under her feet—gloried in the act—and declared that it was a libel on humanity, a disgrace to Christianity, accursed of God and accursed of man!

"Whether the crowding to hear such a lecture, and such a lecturer, is creditable to those who make up the crowd, we leave others to judge. Being upon that occasion, one of the number, we are not disposed to judge them harshly. Probably many of the assembly went as we did, and waited as we did, to hear the Hutchinsons. But Abby's fluency was exhaustless, and there was no checking it till after nine o'clock, when the songsters gave us a short specimen of their powers, which, we think, must have filled the Temple on Wednesday evening to overflowing. We regretted much that we were obliged to leave Portsmouth before their Concert. They are admirable singers; and the expectations of several hundreds of decent and sensible people, who endured the penance of the lecture for the sake of the song, were fully realized."

EXCLUSIVENESS.

The Anti-Slavery Society of Eastern Pennsylvania is one of the few State Societies remaining in the hands of the Garrisonians and Whigs. For two or three years, they have coaxed the Liberty men to almost total inaction, by professions of liberality, and apprehensions of the effect of a division among the friends of the slave. At length, however, our people got their eyes opened, by the refusal of the combined Whigs and Non-Resistants to admit that the Liberty party were engaged in the cause of abolition; and so a Liberty paper was set up. For temporary convenience, an arrangement was made with the clerk of the anti-slavery office to keep the books, and mail the papers there, as the office had always been sustained by contributions from both sections indiscriminately, and also on the ground that the use of the office is freely granted to other *anti-slavery instrumentalities*. The Free Produce committee have held their regular meetings there, without any charge, during the past year. The Free Produce Journal has been mailed, also without any charge, by the very agent whom our friends wished to employ! Even a part of the office has been partitioned off and fitted up as a warehouse for the sale of Free Produce goods. Within its sacred precincts, the publishing agent may deal in leather—may publish portraits—may sell free labor goods—all for his own profit;—he may sell works on non-resistance, capital punishment, hydropathy, and insects—without objection from any quarter. To sustain the office, one member of the Liberty party committee had just given fifty dollars. But all this was of no account; the word went forth, "LET THE LIBERTY PARTY BE EXPELLED; THE SOONER THE BETTER; we have been MONGREL LONG ENOUGH." So the use of the office was refused!

We must say we are glad of it; our friends have allowed themselves to be foiled too long. They will now go to work on their own basis, and the cause will move onward in Eastern Pennsylvania.—*Emancipator.*

Ireland.

From the Manchester Times.

LIBERATION OF THE STATE PRISONERS.

At a few minutes after five o'clock, on Thursday evening, the all-important intelligence of the reversal of the judgment of the Irish Court of Queen's Bench reached Dublin, and in a few minutes the news spread like wildfire through the city. All parties, by common consent, as it were, had been prepared for a contrary decision; and men stared at each other, as if doubting the evidence of their senses. The *Morning Chronicle* reporter, who went over in the steamer which conveyed the glad tidings, describes in graphic terms its effect on the people:

As the mail steamer, the Medusa, neared the pier of Kingstown, it was observed that there was on the jetty a large collection of persons of all classes—the richly clad, and the miserably poor. The traversers' solicitors had provided themselves in London with flags, on which were inscribed the words, "Triumph of law and justice—the judgment reversed." "O'Connell is free." It had been intended, by means of these flags, to notify the defeat of the Government long before the ship could touch the land; but as the captain of the vessel represented that such a display might be objected to by the admiralty, the flags were not unfurled until those who bore them had stepped on shore. The solicitors, and several of those on deck, waved their hats; a movement was instantly perceivable in the crowd, but no response was made to the intimation that was thus conveyed to them. Again the hats were waved on deck, and a cheer was given. It was not responded to; but the instant the faces of the solicitors were recognized—that it was seen that the cheerers were Mr. Mahony, Mr. Ford, Mr. Cantwell, and one of the able counsel of the traversers, Mr. O'Hagan, then indeed was every hat raised in the air, and a cheer burst from the multitude, so vehement, so earnest, and so fierce, that in its excitement of exultation it pierced the ear as if it was a shriek. "O'Connell is free!" was rung forth by the stentorian voice of Mr. Ford, and the word "free" was echoed back again in a hundred voices. Men rushed tumultuously forward to the very brink of the pier, and seemed ready to bound across the space of waters that yet separated them from those who came the messengers of such joyful tidings. All was confusion, all excitement on shore; whilst the only words that could be heard were "free," "free," "Is O'Connell free?" and whilst men bounded and shouted aloud for joy, there was not a woman present whose hands did not seem clasped together, as if she were engaged in prayer. At last the vessel reached the land, and then the flag-bearers, jumping on shore, displayed them fully to view, and as the words were repeated by the tongues of many men aloud, shouts and blessings rung around from every side. The appearance of the flags seemed to produce a magical effect; it looked as if the population had been, like Clan Alpine's men in "The Lady of the Lake," concealing themselves from view until a certain signal was given; for the moment that the white banners fluttered in the air, men, women, and children, were seen hurrying in thousands down towards the pier. There was no point within view on which persons might not be observed collected—in the windows of Kingstown, upon the roads at a distance, or, farther on again, from the lowly cabins, there were men waving handkerchiefs or hats, or lifting their hands in air, exhibiting how enthusiastically they participated in the general joy.

Even the railway train to Dublin was made the means of communicating the glad intelligence to all in the neighborhood of the line—the engineers having decorated the engine with one of the great banners. At the railway terminus the demonstrations of joy were repeated on a grander scale by the immense crowd there assembled. Messrs. Ford, Cantwell, and Mahony, the traversers' solicitors, hurried on to the jail with the joyful news through streets crowded with dense masses of rejoicing people, every face, says the reporter, down to the very policemen, beaming with joy. There was a universal movement towards Richmond Penitentiary. When I reached the jail I perceived crowds hurrying in all directions towards it—on horseback, on foot, on cars; and in many places I observed that the carmen had deserted their stands in a body, forgetting themselves and their chances of employment, in order that they might be sooner at the jail, "to hear the news about the Liberator." Shops, houses, all things were left to chance, whilst every habitation seemed to push forth its inmates to hear the great tidings of him whom I have more than once to-day heard distinguished as "our own father." Hundreds were clamoring at the gate, to see him, and greet him: but admission was, as a matter of course, refused.

Mr. O'Connell's reception of the news:—Upon being conducted to Mr. O'Connell's apartments, I found him and his friends in the very flush of the triumph, which was now officially, it may be said, announced to them. Large as the apartments are, allotted to Mr. O'Connell's use, they were swarming now with a crowd. He bore the intelligence with the same calmness that it was manifest he would have shown had it been of an opposite nature. His lip, and his eye, and the cordial grasp of his hand, showed his joy, and how deeply he felt the sympathy exhibited towards him, but he was not in the slightest degree shaken by the intelligence. He was overwhelmed with gratulations upon gratulations, that came pouring in upon him, in fresh accessions of old and steadfast friends, who rushed to his place of confinement to bid him joy.

Upon turning to look at the other traversers, I perceived that none had suffered from their confinement—that all looked like men who felt that they had been unjustly persecuted, and were determined to scorn and defy the worst efforts of their worst foes; that all—Mr. John O'Connell, Mr. Duffy, Dr. Gray, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Steele, and the Secretary of the Repeal Association, Mr. Ray, were, if it were possible, improved in health.

As the sheriff had intimated to the governor of the prison that Mr. O'Connell and his fellow-traversers were to be liberated the moment the order from the House of Lords had arrived, they were of course no longer regarded as subjected in any respect to the strict rules of the prison, and directions were given that as many as they chose to admit to their presence should be allowed to see them. From an early hour on Friday morning hundreds upon hundreds of the middle classes came pouring into the prison. So many and so incessant were these calls, that it was found the prison rooms could not conveniently contain the numbers that pressed for a sight of Mr. O'Connell, and he was finally obliged to descend to the gardens, wherein ladies and gentlemen, and children, in vast numbers, kept crowding around him, each contenting himself with pressing his hand, uttering a fervent prayer for his welfare, and then passing on. The same course was observed with the other traversers, and wherever they were found, they were each and all entreated to write their names.

The order of the House of Lords had been brought by Mr. Gartland. The usual formalities were gone through, and it was announced to Mr. O'Connell and the other traversers, that "they were FREE."—During the day thousands had been gathering around the prison, to see Mr. O'Connell quitting its walls, and as the evening approached, their numbers were momentarily increased. The police were sent for, to secure the public peace as Mr. O'Connell returned through the streets. He wished, he said, to have the peace preserved, and declared that, if the populace were left to his management, not one should be impeded in his passage whilst he walked home, for that was the mode of returning he preferred, rather than go in his carriage. What then occurred? In the midst of their joy, their exultation, their triumph, that portion of the population that in other cities are designated the mob, here ranged themselves in close files; each grasped the other firmly by the hand; they pressed together in such a manner as to leave a space, a free space, for Mr. O'Connell and the traversers, from Richmond Penitentiary to Merrion Square, a distance, I think, of about two miles, at least; and thus it was, that there was given a most extraordinary instance, of his influence and their subordination, to the world.

When Mr. O'Connell reached Merrion Square, there were about 15,000 persons present. Their acclamations never once subsided as Mr. O'Connell approached; but when he actually placed his foot upon the step to ascend to his own door, there was an outpouring of popular acclamation which has never been surpassed. In a few moments after, Mr. O'Connell entered his house, and presented himself at the balcony. He frequently essayed to address the assembly: but his words were drowned in the reiterated acclamations that ascended from the assembled multitude, and several minutes elapsed before their enthusiasm became sufficiently subdued to permit them to listen, even to him. At length, during brief intervals of silence, he spoke to the following effect:

"Why you seem——(cheers.) It seems as if you were glad to see me home again. (Tremendous cheering and waving of hats.) This house is my own honest home—(cheering for several minutes)—but I have come home from a prison. (Cheers.) In other countries they send the rogues to prison, and leave the honest men at home; but many a paltry rogue was at home while I was confined within the walls of a jail. (Immense cheering.) But God is stronger than our enemies—(cheers)—and thanks be to that God—(great sensation)—I am here to-night in my own home. (Cheers.) The rogues are at home too; but do they feel as comfortable to-night as I do? (Cheers.) The foul attempt to destroy the sacred right of petition, to violate the jury-box, and trample the Constitution in my person—that foul and felonious attempt has signally failed. (Loud cheers.) The people of Ireland have gained a mighty victory—they have—the moral, the temperate, the religious people of Ireland. (Tremendous cheering.) In their hundred thousand strength they were mild as the playful lamb that crops the herbage as it passes along, and such mildness will they show in their might at present. (Tremendous cheering.) Oh, but we'll have *ala bra pleasura* to-morrow, (loud cheers); but no man shall be harmed; no man shall be insulted or offended; there shall not even be a groan. (Cheering.) We will laugh to-morrow, and keep the groaning for another day. I did not make a speech these three months, so my pipe is a little out of tune. (Cheers.) In the meetings of 1843—the glorious meetings of 1843—they called them monster meetings—(cheers)—because such assemblages could not be peacefully collected in any country on earth except our own—not a blow was struck—not a glass of whisky drunk—not even an accident occurred. (Cheers.) No one was shoved, or crushed, or pressed upon. (Great cheering.) Oh! it could happen nowhere but amongst the courteous people of Ireland—the people of Ireland that are kind to one another—the Christian people of Ireland—(cheers)—and now, blessed be God! we are here to-night rejoicing. (Deep sensation.) We shall have no tumult to-morrow—a little shout we will have, and some cheering—the happy bird must chirrup. (Tremendous cheering.) And now go home in quiet and tell every one you meet that we are to assemble to-morrow in peace and happiness. (Cheers.) And then go to your rest, having first offered up your thanksgiving to the Almighty, that he has vouchsafed to look in mercy upon his people of Ireland, and I promise you we will have the repeal." (Tremendous cheering.)

The Liberator having retired from the balcony, the Head Pacificator then came forward, and, waving his hand to the people, cried out, "Home, home;" and then they moved away, passing the house of the Liberator in one dense stream, and at half-past seven o'clock, Merrion Square was silent, or disturbed only by the footsteps of the casual passenger.

Selections.

From the New-York Tribune.

LETTER FROM JAMES G. BIRNEY.

NEW-YORK, Oct. 8, 1844.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

Your paper of this morning contains a statement which I wish to correct. It is, that, on my passage from Detroit to Buffalo, I "*did not hesitate to avow my preference for Mr. Polk, and for the Locofoco party generally*"

On the occasion referred to, I gave no opinion on the general policy of the Democratic party; nor did I speak of any preference that I had, as between Mr. Clay and Mr. Polk; but I spoke of them both, as I always have done, as utterly objectionable. In remarking on the danger of Annexation, I expressed the opinion that I now repeat—that I had but little fear of it, should Mr. Polk be elected; but a good deal should Mr. Clay be elected. I placed my fears on the ground that Mr. Clay, as well as Mr. Polk, had expressed himself favorably to Annexation, and that he could and would *lead* his party, whilst Mr. Polk was incompetent to lead his. I considered Mr. Clay as the adroitest, as well as the boldest, party tactician we have; whilst Mr. Polk has shown no extraordinary skill, and had comparatively little experience in party management.

If I have *been nominated for the Legislature of Michigan by the Democrats of the county in which I reside*, it has been since I left home. My relation to the Liberty party, and my uncompromising opposition to both the other parties, is as well understood there as elsewhere. If, then, I have been nominated by any portion of my countrymen, it has been neither as a Democrat, nor as a Whig. But as I have received no official or authoritative notification of such nomination, it would be premature in me now to take any farther notice of it.

Respectfully, &c. JAMES G. BIRNEY.

JAMES G. BIRNEY FOR POLK!

We have assurance from two living witnesses that the following statement from the Buffalo Commercial is correct. Birney has just come out with a Jesuitical manifesto against a Protective Tariff, and in general opposition to Whig doctrines and measures. *He has been nominated for the Legislature of Michigan by the Locofocos of his county.* We presume he will pretend to decline the nomination, but it is all an understood thing. They did not nominate him without knowing what they were about. Hear the Commercial:

"Mr. Birney was a passenger on board the Great Western, from Detroit, last Wednesday. On the way down, politics, as usual, formed the chief subject of conversation, and Mr. Birney was solicited to give an exposition of his views. He readily consented, and made a long address, in the course of which he took occasion to express his opinions in regard to Mr. Polk and Mr. Clay. Conceding that his own election was entirely out of the question, he did not hesitate to avow his preference for Mr. Polk, and for the Locofoco policy generally. When he had concluded, a gentleman from Cleveland, whose name we have not learned, replied to Mr. Birney, taking up and refuting his arguments *seriatim*, and exposing the inconsistency of one who, when held up avowedly as the Abolition candidate, and the representative of Northern interests, was yet doing all he could to promote the election of one pledged to a scheme designed to extend and perpetuate Slavery, and who had also avowed his hostility to the interests of the free northern States. At the conclusion of this gentleman's remarks, a vote was taken, which resulted in an overwhelming majority for Clay. There cannot be a doubt that Mr. Birney, and all the leading political Abolitionists on all questions of general policy, cordially concur with the free trade Southern Locofocos."

COALITION OF JAMES G. BIRNEY WITH THE POLK PARTY.

The evidence of a corrupt juggle between James G. Birney, Abolition candidate for President, and the Polk-Texas party, accumulates daily. The *Detroit Daily Advertiser* of the 4th, says:

THE COALITION COMPLETE.—We are not surprised to learn that the Locofocos of Saginaw county have nominated, *with his assent*, James G. Birney, Esq. the Abolition candidate for the Presidency, as the Locofoco Representative in the State Legislature. He received the nomination on Saturday last, after starting for the East. But he had previously been consulted, and acquiesced; so he himself stated to a gentleman of Saginaw, before leaving home.

The Locofocos have exhibited a just sense of Mr. Birney's services to their cause during the past year. No man has labored so hard or so effectively to secure the electoral vote of Michigan to Mr. Polk. It was right, therefore, that he should receive from them this mark of their confidence and gratitude.

His present mission to the East, we have also reason to believe, has been undertaken at the instance of leading Locofocos, as well as Abolitionists of New-York, though cloaked under the pretence of a visit to one of his children in Connecticut. His conference with Gen. Hascall, at Flint, if divulged, would doubtless disclose that fact. Leading Locofocos in this city have at any rate openly exulted over his New-York mission at this crisis.

We did not need this additional evidence of Mr. Birney's sympathies with Locofocoism in the Presidential struggle; but others did, and their eyes will now be opened. Whig Abolitionists will not, we predict, consent to be made Mr. Birney's catspaws in such a game for the exclusive benefit of the Locofoco party, when they come to see this last conclusive proof of his position. They will not follow their Presidential candidate into the camp of Locofocoism.

A correspondent of the same paper adds:

"The Locofocos of Saginaw held their convention on Saturday, and strange to tell, *James G. Birney* received the nomination to represent Saginaw county in the State Legislature. Will the Liberty men now doubt that he is working into the hands of the Locofocos? They cannot say he had no agency in the matter on account of his being absent, for I have it in my power to prove that he was consulted before he left, and was pleased with the idea.

"Connect the fact that Mr. Birney has received a nomination from the Locofocos, with the fact of his first marriage into the Marshall family, and a person of ordinary capacity can account for his inveterate hostility to Henry Clay.

Yours, &c. A. P. DAVIS.

Flint, September 30, 1844."

From the Liberty Herald.

"BIRNEY THE JUST."

The infamous charges made against James G. Birney by the Non-Resistant and Whig Press of New England, and of the West, have called forth the following excellent letter. Marshall is a man of the highest personal character, and although a slaveholder and supporter of Henry Clay, has not hesitated to give his testimony to the high moral worth of our honorable candidate for the Presidential chair. We are happy to give our readers a good opportunity to judge of the estimation in which he is held by those who have known him through a long and useful life

"ROSEDALE, September 1st, 1842.

Mr. James Laughead—Sir: Your letter of the 10th of August, reached me a few days since, and my apology for not having answered it sooner, is absence, and sickness in my family. No man differs from Mr. Birney in relation to his abolition views more widely and absolutely than I, yet I am convinced of his entire sincerity and perfect purity. He has made greater private sacrifices for his opinion than would have been required by the most tyrannical bigot. Mr. Birney has not only abandoned his patrimony, but he has deserted his native State, and a wide circle of fond friends and relations, in pursuit of the phantom of opinion. In Alabama, where he resided, before he returned to Kentucky, where he was born, he liberated all his slaves, and made it optional with them to remain or come with him. He paid them hire. He lived on a farm, in a slave State, where white laborers were not readily to be had. He purchased a negro man at an executor's sale on credit; before the time of payment arrived, he found it inconvenient to keep him, and having offered him the opportunity of purchasing his freedom, which was not done, he restored him to the family out of which he had been bought, and cancelled his note. This is my understanding of this case.

After the death of James G. Birney's father, (my father-in-law,) J. G. Birney came to my house. I was not at home. On my return, I found he had been urging on his sister, that the assignment of the negroes, (twenty-three in number,) which had descended to us jointly, should be entirely made out to him, in order to enable him to emancipate them.

After much discussion this arrangement was finally made. Mr. Birney took the slaves and did liberate them, and they are now free, and most of them in Louisville. I should not have agreed to this settlement, had it not been for my involved situation, and I apprehended the slaves would be sold if I took any of them. They were very valuable.

Any doubts as to Mr. Birney's devotion and sincerity to the cause he has espoused, is folly—is preposterous. He will have been unfortunate, indeed, to have refused home, friends, relations, and fortune, for an opinion, and only to have achieved a doubtful recognition from the advocates of that opinion. Mr. Birney is well known to me. A man of more pure morality, more honest principles, and a warmer heart, does not exist. My wife is an only sister; he has no brother. His abolition doctrines have severed us. I have not seen or had a letter from him for more than three years; yet there is in my bosom the warmest and kindest personal friendship and regard for him. Had it not been for his notions upon abolition, we should now and ever have breathed the same atmosphere. I have told you all I know.

Yours, JOHN J. MARSHALL.

ADDRESS ON SLAVERY.

Indiana Yearly Meeting of Anti-Slavery Friends, held by adjournments, from the 2d to the 7th of the 9th month, inclusive, 1844, To all persons, everywhere, to whom these may come, greeting.

FRIENDS:—In the course of our deliberation at the present time, we have felt our minds deeply interested in the promotion of righteousness and holiness in the earth, and for the increase of the government and peace of Him whose name is called Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, and among the many barriers that stand in the way of so desirable a state, none, we believe, occupies a more prominent place than that of Slavery. It is a system so at war with every principle of natural justice and divine equity, so destructive of that equality of rights which should ever exist among brethren, so abhorrent to every dictate of humanity, as to render the profession of the Christian name among those who practice or uphold it, a solemn mockery, and to disgrace our holy religion in the eyes of heathens and infidels. Much has been said and written to show the moral turpitude, the Heaven-daring and God-defying presumption and arrogance of Slavery; and we do not design at this time to enter into an argumentative discussion of the subject; but, in a very brief way, to appeal to the Christian sympathy, the moral sensibility, and the sense of natural justice of all, to cry out against this enormity—to use all their influence, religious, moral, and political, to rid our country, and the world, of this pollution—to break the iron chains of oppression that bind to the earth the bodies and the souls of millions of the human race—to save our country from the withering judgments of Omnipotence incensed, and the profession of the Christian religion from shame and reproach.

We boldly and unhesitatingly take the ground, that every enactment of Conventions or Legislatures, giving sanction to a claim of property in man, is at war with the unchangeable and eternal principles of justice, or in other words, with the law of God, written upon the tablet of the heart of every intelligent being, and that consequently, according to a principle of common law, acknowledged in all courts of justice in Christian lands, all such enactments are null and void, and that no man, neither the slave nor the freeman, is under any obligation to obey them. We are aware that this doctrine may be startling to many; but we feel confident in its truth. It is unchangeable as the attributes of Jehovah, and permanent as the pillars of Heaven. It must and will prevail. Public sentiment is fast verging to this point; and we doubt not that the time will come, and is not far distant, when the universal verdict of civilized nations, will proclaim the decision, that there is not, *cannot be* any such thing as legal slavery in the world. Slavery must fall, and happy will it be for all concerned, if it shall go down in mercy, and not in judgment—if the people will hearken to the warning voice of mercy, and not wait till the vials of Divine wrath shall be poured down on their guilty heads. We say again, Slavery *must* fall. "The heathen may rage, and the people imagine a vain thing:"—against this holy enterprise "both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the gentiles and the people of Israel," or their representatives in the present day, "may be gathered together," but it will not avail—Slavery must *fall*, for the mouth of the Lord has spoken it. A great revolution is in progress, and Oh! that it may be a bloodless one! May the Lord so influence the councils of the nation, and incline the hearts of the people to wisdom, that this great work may be brought about in accordance with the peaceable principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ. And may the day be hastened when the sentiment contained in a certain Latin quotation, shall be the motto of all governments, and of all people: "Fiat justicia ruat cœlem," "Let justice be done, though the Heavens should fall." Then may we look for that state of things alluded to by the prophet, when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters do the sea." Then will be experienced the universal reality of the saying of our holy Redeemer, "One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

Signed by direction, on behalf of the meeting.

WALTER EDGERTON, } Clerks.
REBECCA EDGERTON, }

From the Morning Chronicle.

MY JUSTIFICATION OF MY ATMEMPT TO BREAK JAIL.

I have commonly acted on the maxim of the late venerable Dr. Emmons, viz: to do what I thought right, and leave to others the business of justifying me or not, as they pleased. But in this case, when I attempted to do what, in ordinary cases, is a violation of *just law*, I feel bound to depart from my usual course, and ask a hearing.

First, As to the facts. I obtained from friends in another city some saws and chisels with which to escape from prison. No prisoner but myself knew where they were obtained, when they came, or who brought them. The persons who brought them to me, in

to having seen me "at *my mother's* house in Harford county, Md. in 1831 or '32." My Massachusetts readers will laugh at so gross a perjury. But the knave was *very* anxious to *identify* me? In the Winchester (Va.) case, where there is not a particle of *true* evidence against me, a false witness had been prepared to give *direct* testimony against me, there. Not doubting, from the known character, threats, and pay of my prosecutors, that *such evidence* to any needed extent, would be brought forward, I regarded the hope of escaping it as vain; at least, while I remained shut up in prison. 2. From the time of my arrest, the whole clique of slave-traders, slave-catching police-men, *low* slaveholders, and their abettors, including one or two of the prison officers, have made it their business to abuse and slander me and my friends with the general object of preventing the existence, or, at least the expression of any personal or Christian sympathy for me. I have had "too many friends" for their purposes, as they often complained. I found threats, persuasions, and falsehoods freely resorted to, to hinder respectable citizens of Baltimore from visiting me; and *with success*. My kind landlady, and the young ladies of her family, almost daily called on me, to give me a chance to breathe the fresh air, by walking a few moments in the prison yard. They are poor, they are *not* Anti-Slavery people; but have human hearts, and are *Virginians*. They were very kind to one almost a stranger. This was enough for malice to work upon.

Suddenly the *young* ladies were excluded, with rude insults, from the jail yard. The reason assigned was, such gross lewdness in the sight of half a score of persons, constantly passing, as would imply in me and the lady, a degree of shameless degradation that not even rashness and drunkenness would excuse in common street walkers! Such a point is not to be argued. Those who deem me capable of such vice are very welcome to maintain their opinion till the *judgment day!* This shameless tale was trumpeted about the city. Of course, I was the last person to hear of it. It did me much injury in many worthy minds. But ☞ no person who circulated it seemed to be sufficiently respectable to justify a direct contradiction or action for slander. It was deemed sufficient, therefore, to connect a *general demand for investigation* as to my character and standing, with some other matters, in an article in the Baltimore Sun. This for the time perfectly silenced the band of miscreants. But they had gone too far to retreat. At this time, Mr. Deane Walker, formerly a merchant in this city, but now a respectable citizen of Medway, where my family now are, came to Baltimore on business of his own. Hearing the flying and lying reports of these persons, without saying a word to me, he appears to have made some inquiries of them, as to what they alledged against me.

Forthwith they spread the story through the city as far as they could, that "Mr. Torrey had long been separated from his wife; and she had sent on Mr. D. Walker to obtain evidence to get a divorce from him." So one of them impudently told *me*. Mr. Walker had brought me a kind letter from my wife; and I knew her incapable of hypocrisy. One of them met one of my counsel in the street, and told his story in triumph. When the frequency of my correspondence with Mrs. Torrey was suggested, as inconsistent with this tale, the wretch dared assail *her* good name. "She can't be his true wife," said the creature. How could I, a prisoner, in the hands of such beings, tell how far their malice had reached? *Might* they not have poisoned even the confidence of my wife and her friends? The very thought was maddening—I confess, that my feelings in this matter, were *not* very Christian. They were too much like *indignant nature* to be very Christ-like. It was not till after my attempt to escape, that I received from Mrs. Torrey a letter contradicting the whole of their atrocious falsehoods, so far as they had connected her and her friends with their tales. In this connection it should be said, that these persons have spared no falsehood to destroy the good name of the family in which I boarded. The busiest of these agents of shame are a noted slave-trader and two policemen. Persons, like these, who *hunt* and *sell* the poor *colored* people, may be expected to vilify poor white persons, when they have an end to secure.

The time is not yet come for a full exposure of the motives of these wretches; but it is not far off. These slanders determined me to escape, if I could.

Thirdly.—Surrounded by low detainers, met by perjury in the lower courts, I deemed my only chance of JUSTICE to be in an appeal to the UNITED STATES COURTS. This was delayed, first, by the refusal of the Maryland Judge to take bail, pending the Virginia requisition; and, secondly, by the refusal of the United States Judges to grant a hearing in the Virginia case, till the *former* was disposed of, by bail or otherwise! I endeavored to procure bail. Here too my vigilant enemies interposed, by persuasions and threats to prevent my obtaining bail. Several responsible men agreed to become my security, and, in succession, were driven from it by the agency of a certain lawyer, with whom justice has a long score to settle, yet.

Thus deprived of my *only hope* of a fair trial, my health already broken down, and my brain fevered by protracted and close imprisonment; deeming all the charges made against me, *criminal in those who made them;* I deemed an escape from Baltimore jail justifiable, on the same principles on which the escape of Paul was justified, when he was let down from the wall in a basket. Let those who judge otherwise, give their reasons—I will *try* to give them due weight. But so long as I see SLAVERY to be a HEAVEN-DARING CRIME, and all laws that maintain it, and all persons that enforce them, to be obnoxious to the divine displeasure, I am afraid I shall not be convinced of my *sin*.

Fourthly.—"But the other prisoners: have you no scruples as to the escape of men guilty of what you and all men justly deem crimes? *I have.* 1. The case of Dryer, the counterfeiter, troubled my conscience not a little: not *the less so*, because he was an old *slave-trader*. Perhaps *that* is the reason why the press of Baltimore has treated him with so much tenderness! 2. There was a boy named Davis, charged with stealing a *rein*, worth twenty-five or thirty-seven cents, *not* guilty, as I believe, though not a good boy by any means. 3. A man, named Murphy, who, contrary to law, had already been confined twenty-four days on *suspicion* only! since discharged. 4. An Irishman, charged with a petty theft, committed while so drunk as not to know what he was about. The poor man, chained himself, has, since that time, waited on me, in my severe illness, with the patience and kindness of a brother, without fee or reward. 5. A man charged with aiding in cutting down a Whig pole, while drunk, not a very heinous sin when sober, though a deed of folly. 6 A man named *Southmade*, charged with stealing a horse and sleigh—charged falsely—a merchant and ship owner of New-York, a native of Falmouth, Mass. a man of unblemished character, and of large property. Such were my room mates. Casuists may settle for themselves how much *guilt* I ought to feel for risking the escape of these persons. So far as myself was concerned, I believe it would *please God* if I could escape without no injury to others, just as certainly as I believe his frown rests on all who keep me in prison, on such pleas as those alledged against me, viz: mercy and compassion to the poor of the land.

Fifthly.—"But those bullets, that powder, and that torn letter about 'pistols,' and what not, how do you account for that?" I have to say I am not ashamed of the contents of that *letter*. I have offered Mr. Pinckney, the Deputy Attorney, and also the Board of Visitors, exact copies for publication, (names, only, omitted,) or for any other use they please to make of them. The "powder and balls" were sent me by mistake. We had no weapons to *use* them; and did not intend to have any in or near the prison. Some of the company insisted on being armed *after* we left the prison. I commend *them* to all who believe in the right of self-defence. I do not.

THE RESULT.—Betrayed, all the parties save Dryer, and the Whig pole man, were heavily ironed, and placed in damp, low-arched cells, and treated worse than if we had been *murderers*. Two of the three murderers now in jail have never been ironed; the third for a few hours only. The first twenty-four hours I was loaded with irons weighing, I judge, twenty-five pounds, so twisted, that I could neither stand up, lie down, or sleep. We had the dirty, damp floor, and the backless chair to sit or sleep on. Lighter irons were then placed on me, and kept on twelve days; during all which, aside from the effects of the irons, I was unable to sit up, and most of the time, to get up, without help. It would have touched any heart not wholly dead to human feeling, to see poor John Stewart holding up his irons with one hand, and with the other raising up the chained and emaciated sick man, and tenderly ministering to his wants and his weakness. If I live, and have the means, LESLIE shall perpetuate it. Instead of reproaches, John constantly cheered me; but for him, I should not have lived to tell it. May God bless him! During these twelve days, my bed lay on the damp, hard floor. My linen became loathsome from filth. The air of the cell was constantly like a confined privy vault. [They were cleansing a large vault that for twelve years had been undisturbed!] The air is less impure now. Seven of these twelve nights I slept *none*, from pain, and the utter prostration of the nervous system. The remaining nights, save one, I slept from one to two hours. I am still nearly deprived of sleep, and am unable to sit up. With pain I stagger across the floor of the cell, when obliged to go, yet I am much better.

On Monday, the eleventh of these days of horror, Mr. Pinckney, the acting District Attorney, learning my situation from my physician, came to see me, and ordered the removal of the irons, and the restoration of the comforts and decencies of life, such as my condition required. The humane warden, Mr. Steener, assented; but his subordinates *refused to obey*. However, I got my bedstead that day, and the next he was able to enforce obedience, and the irons were removed from all. The circulation gradually returned to my sleepy, half-paralyzed limbs; and I am now so much better as to indicate that six months' careful nursing might restore my health as it was last June. I am very weak, much emaciated, and my nervous system in the same state in which it was in 1835, when I was compelled to leave Andover Seminary, and devote nearly a year to the sole business of regaining health.

Do I complain? God forbid. "Shall I receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall I not receive evil?" Whatever I may deserve at the hands of my fellow-men, (and I think it is not chains and a prison,) I desire humbly to confess my sins in His sight. I am in the power of the wicked, but their triumph is short. My God, even the living God, is my trust in prison, my hope in sickness, and my strength in the day of weakness. I deemed it due to Him, to my family, to myself, to try to escape from my foes. Having failed, I shall submit cheerfully to His will, and strive to overcome evil by suffering, which is the next duty. Such is my justification, written on my bed, with a feeble hand and aching brain. I believe it will commend itself to my friends. If not, to that, also, GOD will help me to submit cheerfully. "He is my strength and my shield."

CHARLES T. TORREY.

Baltimore Jail, Cell No. 3,
September 28, 1844.

Communications.

LETTER FROM JAMES FULTON, JR.

ERCILDOUN, Chester Co. Pa.
9th mo. 12th, 1844.

FRIEND GAY:—I think every one will perceive that friend Child has committed a great blunder in claiming credit for having, during "many years," voted indiscriminately for Whigs or Locos, and then at the very close of his letter, declaring, that "he who is not for the former, (Clay) is for the latter," (Polk.) And if we, in concentrating our votes upon a third candidate, or "omit voting" altogether, do by that act virtually support Polk and promote a "party the most deadly and insidious in its hostility to Justice, Liberty, Philanthropy, Peace, and Progress—then I ask, what was my friend doing, when voting "indiscriminately for Whigs or Locos?" When doing so, was he not supporting "a party the most deadly and insidious" foe of Liberty—or was it then better in its practices and principles; or has he but just discovered its "deadly and insidious" tendencies? Or have the "Locos just become so, and the "Whigs" just become "a great, and honorable," and "invincible party?"—or were the "Locos" always "insidious" in their enmity to "justice" and "liberty," and the Whigs always "honorable,"—but that *he* has changed his views relative to "voting indiscriminately," and *now* believes that to do so, or to "omit voting" directly for out and out Whigs, is to support ultimately the "insidious" "Locos?" If the last, then he should have told us so—he should have condemned his own indiscriminate voting; and then there would have been some propriety in his concluding remark, and we then too, should have seen that he was of the same school of Abolitionists with Adams, Slade, Giddings, &c.; who *wish* to serve *the cause*, but *must* first serve *the party*. These men have done the cause much good, and are deserving our thanks for what they have done,—so has D. L. Child, but *now*, his counsel is no more worthy our acceptance than theirs. All are Whigs. They can now see nothing but the "great and honorable" and "invincible party." *As such*, let them have the influence they deserve, but *as Abolitionists*, let them not impose upon *our* credulity. Their arguments are but like those of the Northern Whigs generally to induce us to vote their ticket—still we have more confidence in the anti-slavery sentiment of the country, condemnatory of such voting, than in such Whig counsel, whether it comes from these men, or the rank and file of the party.

Partisan-like, our friend Child, when *Van Buren* was the anticipated opponent of Clay, labored to show that the letter of the latter was against Annexation altogether, while that of the former was *for* it, and that Clay's letter "was the height of Heaven" above Van Buren's in "honesty,"—but when as an evidence of Van Buren's honesty, his party discarded him, because, as my friend says, he "was not willing to sacrifice everything for Texas and Slavery,"—then he shifts the issue, manifests much indignation that the democracy, "boldly and shamelessly turned their back upon" Van Buren;—and *now*, that Clay is more than ever "satisfactory" because, the former has been thrown aside to make way for Polk, an *immediate* Annexationist—not *now*, however, because Clay is *against* Annexation, but because he favors the removal of certain difficulties *first*; and then, so "far from having any personal objection to the Annexation of Texas," he would "*be glad to see it*,"—while Polk declares himself in favor of Annexation at once without alluding to any difficulty whatever. Consequently, the question *now*, with my friend, is, immediate, or *remote* Annexation. Miserable comfort this, but still it seems enough for one bent on supporting the "honorable" party.

For one, I had no confidence in the letters of either Clay or Van Buren, when the first appeared, and I believe this was the prevailing sentiment with our friends. It was evident to common sense everywhere, that there were holes large enough in both to allow the whole territory of Texas to pass through, without much squeezing, provided the Slave Power *but demand the deed*. Neither, were any too honest, for both could affirm, touching the recognition of Texan Independence, that the principle has always prevailed in the councils of the Nation, "of recognizing the Government '*de facto*,' without regarding the *question de jure*,"—while Haytien Independence remains to this day, upwards of forty years, without being acknowledged by our Government. What becomes of the "always" in this case? Clay long ago gave us the reason, when Secretary of State, in his letter of instructions to Sargeant and Anderson, our ministers to the Congress of *Panama*, in 1826,—that it would not do "under the ACTUAL *circumstances* of Hayti," as a commonwealth of colored freemen, "to recognize it as a new State,"—and this, notwithstanding a few years after, "the imports from Hayti into the United States exceeded in value our imports from Prussia, Sweden and Norway, Denmark and the Danish West Indies, Ireland and Scotland, Holland, Belgium, Dutch West Indies, British West Indies, Spain, Portugal, all Italy, Turkey and the Levant, or any one of the South American Republics."

Van Buren thought Annexation would be Constitutional, and gave his reasons for the opinion. Clay does not say that it *would*, or would *not*; but simply stated, that "Mr. Jefferson expressed the opinion, and others believed, that it never was in the contemplation of the powers of the Constitution to add foreign territory to the Confederacy, out of which, new States were to be formed,"—and then adds, "the acquisitions of Louisiana and Florida may be defended upon the *peculiar* ground of the relation in which they stood *to the States of the Union*."

He don't say whether Jefferson's doubts were well grounded, or not; but whether they were or *not*, those "acquisitions" from France and Spain might be "defended upon the peculiar ground" of the necessity of having control over soil, which otherwise might serve as a place of escape and concealment for fugitive slaves from the States; although to drive out such fugitives should cost the Nation some forty million of dollars. If this might be "defended," could not the annexation of Texas be also "defended" for the *same reason*, whether it would be Constitutional, or not, when there should be such "*peculiar ground*" for the act? Most certainly. Such was the "peculiar ground" assumed by Kendall, and the authorities of Charleston, South Carolina, when they burned the contents of the public mails in the streets—such was the ground assumed by Calhoun's bill for suppressing a free press, and such the "peculiar ground" assumed by all classes of Southrons in denying the right of speech and petition. Such an opinion, is worthy its author. I notice friend Child, near the close of his letter in "Standard" of September 5th, in the paragraph quoted from Clay's Raleigh letter, entirely misses the important clause, finishing the sentence from Clay's letter, as above quoted, beginning with the words, "the acquisitions,"—and adds a sentence beginning with the words, "I did not" (which should have been, "*still* I did not," &c.) taken from the beginning of his letter, near the top.

This gives the reader a very erroneous view of Clay's letter, and if I mistake not, there have been late editions of that letter published, with that portion left out *purposely*, and from which my friend may have quoted, without knowing the error.

But I have not the time to dwell upon the evidences of the "*honesty*" of Clay's and Van Buren's letters. When they appeared, my opinions were the same that they are now, and, therefore, being shocked at witnessing the efforts of D. L. Child to make the former "satisfactory" to Abolitionists, while denouncing the latter, (which was, to say the least, no worse,) I wrote two letters—one for the Standard, and the other for the Freeman, in explanation of my views of the partial and *partisan* character of the Washington correspondence of the Liberator and Standard; but friend McKim withheld them from publication, on the ground that the latter paper was about passing into other hands. I merely state the fact, as an evidence of my *past* as well as present opinions relative to the matter.

Let us now attend a little to the history of the man, and his opinions upon the slave question in times *past*, as well as the present, and see if we can find any reason for friend Child abandoning his past policy, of "voting indiscriminately"—see whether Clay has so far *changed*, that an honest man can trust him, and ascertain, if possible, the grounds of his *now* appearing, in the eye of my friend, a man of such "*unimpeachable integrity*."

Hear him, so early as 1817, in a speech before the American Colonization Society:

"He was himself a slaveholder, *and he considered that kind of property as inviolable as any other in the country*. He would resist as soon, and with as much firmness, encroachments upon it, as he would encroachments upon any other property which he held. Nor was he disposed even to go as far as the gentleman who had just spoken (Mr. Mercer,) in saying that he would emancipate his slaves, *if the means were provided*, of sending them from the country."—[*First Annual Report.*]

"It was not proposed to deliberate upon, or consider *at all, any question of emancipation*, or that which was connected with the abolition of Slavery. It was upon that condition *alone*, he was sure, that many gentlemen from the South and West, whom he saw present, had attended, or could be expected to co-operate."—[*Speech of Clay, before the Colonization Society, Jan. 1, 1818.—Second Annual Report.*]

In 1821 he conceived and consummated the diabolical "Missouri Compromise," of which he has been boasting publicly in his late Milledgville, (Ga.) speech, as reported in the "Philadelphia Inquirer." I have it not now before me, but the substance was, that entering Congress rather late in the session, he found the bill for the admission of Missouri had been rejected, and that an alarming state of excitement prevailed. He went right to work—got the bill reconsidered, and an unusual committee of *one* from each State appointed to re-examine the whole matter. Upon this Committee, he succeeded in placing a number who had voted *against* admission. Then he labored assiduously in the committee room—and *privately* with its members, until he not only got a sufficient number of those who had voted against admission, willing to report a bill *favorable* to admission,—but finally, by personal effort, got them pledged *to vote for such a bill*, when it came before the House; and he states that when he got them so pledged, never did man leave a committee room, (and that too, on a "Sabbath evening,") more joyous and light hearted than he. They faithfully redeemed their pledges, and that deed of infamy was done.

In a late letter to the Whigs of Missouri, just *before* the election, he says: "I have ever entertained a kind of parental feeling towards *that State*. Among the many arduous struggles which I have had in public life, that for the admission of Missouri into the Union, was incomparably the greatest in which I ever participated. *I claim nothing*, I am entitled to nothing, on that account, *I merely did my duty.*" (!)

That infamous deed would never have been accomplished, had the Northern members stood firm, and they would have stood firm, had it not been for the influence of Henry Clay—the man who seeks again to mislead them to ruin. And now he seems to seize every occasion to *boast* of the prominent part he took in that unconstitutional measure.

In 1825,-'6,-'7, when we hear of him making his eloquent efforts in behalf of freedom in Greece, and the Republics of South America,—he was at the same time, true to despotism *in his own land*—making every exertion, as Secretary of State, to prevent Mexico and Columbia from aiding Cuba to shake off the Spanish yoke, for fear the Government of that island would follow the example of her sister Republics of South America, and emancipate her slaves, which it was judged would be of evil tendency, so contiguous to our own Southern border; and therefore the champion of South American freedom, must, *in this case*, spur up our ministers abroad, to enlist the interest of Foreign Courts, to use their influence with the Spanish King, to induce him to make peace with his revolted Provinces, so that the revolt might not extend to Cuba, and thus result in the abolition of Slavery. Glorious business, this, most truly, for our Government to be engaged in!

During the same years, he did all he could, to effect the annexation of Texas, but Mexico then would listen to no overtures.

In 1837 or '38, he offered, in the Senate, and advocated a resolution affirming "that the interference by the citizens of any of the States with the view to the abolition of Slavery in the District, is endangering the rights and security of the people of the District; and that *any act*, or *measure of Congress*, designed to abolish Slavery in the District, would be a violation of the faith *implied* in the cessions by the States of Virginia and Maryland, *a just cause of alarm* to the people of the slaveholding States, and have a *direct* and *inevitable* tendency to disturb and endanger the Union." *Yeas* 36; *nays* 9.

I believe it was in the discussion upon this resolution, that Clay declared, "*action*" presupposed discussion, and discussion followed reflection and deliberation—now the people of the North having no right to *act*, relative to the abolition of Slavery—therefore they had no right to discuss the question—and consequently, no right to deliberate upon it. A pretty syllogism, truly!

In 1839, he opposed and defeated an effort in his own State, Kentucky, to call a Convention to amend the Constitution so as to abolish Slavery by law; and gives as a reason, in his monstrous Senate speech of that year, why he "felt" constrained to take "*immediate, bold, and decided ground against it*"—was, because we promoted an "agitation" *here*, where we "had no right to interfere in the matter."

In this speech, he uttered much that ought at this time, to be again served up to the anti slavery reader, by way of refreshing his memory; not that *past* offences should never be forgotten, but because Clay is constantly referring his Southern friends to this speech, *as a declaration of his present views*.

Passing by his low and abusive attack upon Daniel O'Connell, and much that is unimportant, I shall simply give a few of the most atrocious sentiments:

"I know there is a visionary dogma, which holds that negro slaves cannot be the subject of property. I shall not *dwell long* with this speculative abstraction. That is property which the law declares *to be property*. Two hundred years of legislation have *sanctioned*, and sanctified negro slaves as property."

"To the wild speculations of theorists, and *innovators*, stands opposed the FACT, that in an uninterrupted period of two hundred years duration, under every form of human legislation, and by all the departments of human government—African negro slaves have been held, and respected, have descended, and been transferred, as lawful and *indisputable* property."

"But if I had been then, or were now, a citizen of any of the planting States, the Southern or Southwestern States—I should have opposed, and would continue to oppose, *any* scheme whatever of emancipation, gradual or immediate, because of the danger of an ultimate ascendency of the black race, or of a civil contest, which might terminate in the extinction of one race or the other."

"No scheme was *ever* presented to the acceptance of man, (!) which, whether it be entirely practicable or not, is characterized by *more* unmixed humanity and benevolence, than that of *transporting*, with their own *consent*, the *free* people of color in the United States, to the land of their ancestors."

"Colonization deals *only*, with the *free* man of color, and that, with his own free, voluntary consent (?). *It has nothing to do with Slavery. It disturbs no man's property*," &c.

"And elevating themselves (the Abolitionists) to a sublime, but impracticable philosophy, they would teach us to eradicate all the repugnances of our nature, *and to take to our bosoms*, and our boards, the black man, as we do the white, on the same footing of equal social condition."

"The Abolitionists oppose all colonization, and it irresistibly follows, whatever they may *protest* or *declare*, that they are in *favor* of amalgamation."

"It is frequently asked, What is to become of the African race among us? Are they forever to remain in bondage? That question was asked more than half a century ago. It has been answered by fifty years of prosperity, but little chequered from this cause. It will be rejected, *fifty*, or a *hundred* years hence. The true answer is, (?) that the same Providence who has hitherto guided and governed us, and *averted* all serious evils from the existing relation between the two races, will guide and govern our posterity."

"I, too, have ventured on a speculative theory," which is, "In the progress of time, some *one* hundred and *fifty*, or *two* hundred years *hence*, but few vestiges of the black race will remain among our posterity."

"But I prefer the liberty of my own country to that of any other people; and the liberty of my own race, to that of any other race. The *liberty* of the descendants of Africa in the United States *is incompatible* with the safety and liberty of the European descendants. Their slavery forms an exception,—an exception resulting from a stern and *inexorable necessity*—to the general liberty in the United States."

Here I must close, and postpone all comment, and further illustrations of the man, for my next letter.

Respectfully, &c. J. FULTON, Jr.

A SHORT APPEAL TO ABOLITIONISTS,
BY ONE OF THEIR NUMBER.

FELLOW ABOLITIONISTS—An election of vast consequence to freedom, is now in our hands. We have been contending during twelve years for the issue involved in the pending contest—a contest not merely political, but also social and moral—a contest in which Freedom may triumph by our aid, or fail by our neglect. To this contest—this election, I earnestly call your attention; sensible how difficult it will be to make a single voice heard above the noise of the conflict, but trusting less to the strength of that voice, than to the force of the truth which it may utter, and the momentous nature of the subject for which it pleads.

The pending national election differs essentially from all that have ever before been presented to the people of this country. It embraces not only questions of political economy—but also questions of morality. With such rapidity and influence have the arguments of Abolitionists spread throughout the nation, that already the scales hang in doubtful balance between Liberty and Slavery. Who among us, dreamed, when entering upon the contest, that it would so soon approach to its issue? Yet we behold the gratifying result, in the relative position of the two great national parties. The Democratic party has organized itself on the side of Slavery: 1st. By the uniform use of its Congressional majority through a period of several years to invalidate the right of petition and to destroy the freedom of debate. 2d. By the rejection of its Northern candidate because his opinions with regard to the Annexation of Texas were in the slightest degree questionable—and 3d. By the choice of a candidate, untried and of inferior abilities to the rejected, but with the condition that in his hands, the Executive power of the Government would be employed to secure the Annexation of Texas at all hazards! Such is the position of the self-styled Democratic party. And, as though they were ambitious to secure to themselves all the infamy of the measure in its most odious character, some of its leading men and presses, rather than abandon it, are eager to take the hazard of War, not with Mexico alone, but with Great Britain also. It would be easy to furnish any amount of documentary evidence on this subject, but the following resolution, passed at a Democratic Mass Meeting in New-York, September 9th, will suffice, as it is entirely consonant with the general sentiment of the party.

"Resolved, That it is the PARAMOUNT DUTY of every Democratic Republican *to extend and secure the area of freedom*, and to this end to use the most strenuous and prompt means for the occupation and settlement of our territory of Oregon, and for the re-annexation of Texas to the Union 'at the earliest practicable period.'"

"To extend the area of freedom," means nothing less than to create a new market for slaves by the acquisition of Texas.

In contrast with this, it is gratifying to observe the position of the Whig party, whose presses, and leading men, are, almost without exception, opposed to Annexation.

1st. Henry Clay, after adverting to the misrepresentations of his written and expressed opinions on the subject, says, in a late letter to the editors of the National Intelligencer:

"I am decidedly opposed to the immediate Annexation of Texas to the United States. I think it would be dishonorable, might involve them in war, would be dangerous to the integrity and harmony of the Union, and if all these objections were removed, could not be effected, according to any information I possess, upon just and admissible conditions."

2d. The Whig papers, with scarcely an exception, are opposed to Annexation—not all, though to a great extent, on the ground of hostility to Slavery. They constitute a firm phalanx of opposition to the measure.

3d. The leading men of the Whig party occupy the same ground, and many of them have openly declared that they would resist to the utmost, all increase of slave territory. Among them, may be named, Daniel Webster, Senator Choate, John Q. Adams, Cassius M. Clay, &c. &c.

At a Whig Convention, in Philadelphia, on the 1st of October, Daniel Webster said:

"The Annexation of Texas *would* tend, and *must* tend to extend the duration of African Slavery on this continent. I have long held that opinion, and I would not now suppress it *for any consideration on earth*" And because it does increase the evils of Slavery—because it will increase the number of slaves, and extend the duration of their bondage—because it does all this, *I oppose it, with qualification and without qualification—this time—and all times*—NOW AND FOREVER."

Any amount of documentary proof could be furnished, showing that the general sentiment of the Whig party is one of inflexible opposition to this wicked scheme. For the sake of brevity, I refer to recent essays by David Lee Child, late editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, published in that paper, conclusively proving that it is the party of Freedom, not only by contrast with the Democratic, but to a great extent, *absolutely*—that it has almost uniformly, in our State Legislatures, and in Congress, resisted the aggressions of the Slave Power—that it has passed laws favorable to Freedom, (as in the State of New-York,) and subsequently prevented their repeal by the Democratic party.

What more is wanting? These are the very measures which Abolitionists formerly sought to effect, by petition and remonstrance—the very conditions on which, without division, but a few years back, they virtually pledged themselves to support candidates for public office. It is now in our power to secure them. The scales are in doubtful balance before us, and the preponderating weight is in our hands.

Many reasons are urged against our voting with either of the two great parties. They are assumed to be equally pro-slavery; for although the Whig party is admitted to occupy at present, a position more favorable to Freedom than the Democratic, no credit is given therefor, because it is said to have been *forced* into that position, and that all its apparent claims to the support of Abolitionists are merely *incidental*. I reply, if the Whig party has yielded to the moral force of Anti-Slavery truth because it could no longer *resist* it, then it is the more worthy of our support, for that same force will not only prevent its recession, but impel it still farther. But why has not the *Democratic* party been forced into the same position? *Answer.*—Because, whatever are its *principles*, its *materials and objects* have no sympathy with Freedom, but are constantly driving it in the opposite direction. Thus, the general historic fact with regard to the two parties, is, that the Whig has grown more and more to be the Northern and Freedom party, and the Democratic, more and more, the Southern and Slavery party.

Another objection to Abolitionists supporting the Whig ticket, and one that is exceedingly plausible, is, the alledged inconsistency of voting for a slaveholder. The "first blush" of this objection was, to my mind, so palpably forcible and just, that it was final—and, for a long time this prevented me from giving it the slightest examination. Mature reflection, however, has brought me to the conclusion that there are cases in which the personal incidents of a man's character must not be suffered to over-bear great purposes, which can be attained only through his instrumentality. Thus, if an important mission call me to Europe, I ought not to be prevented from fulfilling it, because my passage-money would go to sustain a bar-room on board the ship, and a cruelly despotic authority of the superior officers over the crew. I could not pay the passage of a company of fugitive slaves on board one of our North River boats, for the same reason. But this is an obvious fallacy. As Mr. Bowditch very truly observed, in a late essay in the Standard, no man is wholly good, or wholly bad. The principles and measures of a party might be unexceptionable, but they could never be carried into effect, if the incidents of personal character were a valid objection to the choice of instruments. This same argument is embraced in the favorite maxim of Abolitionists, that men are responsible for what they do not, as well as for what they do.

"Omission to do what is necessary,
"Seals a commission to a blank of danger."

There are, in fact, necessities perpetually operating on both hands, through all the relations of life, and between which we are constantly making an election. Shall we forever sacrifice the greater to the less? For my own part, I can more readily submit to the necessity of voting the Whig ticket, although its head is a slaveholder, than I can to the alternative of failing to cast my vote against the Annexation of Texas, with all its consequent evils; and especially as the *body* and *heart*, which possess a modifying influence over the head, have given ample proof of their hostility to Slavery.

One of the strongest objections to the politico-Abolition theory, is, that it can achieve nothing until it acquires a national majority to sustain it. If the members of that party wish to cast their influence availingly for the cause of humanity, let them add their strength to the growing element of freedom in the Whig party—let them join the issue with that party against the infamous scheme of creating a new slave empire; they will then acquire the *right to be heard in its councils*, and with such men as Cassius M. Clay, Senator Choate, and Daniel Webster, to second their appeal, it is safe to affirm that they will not speak in vain.

If the Democratic, occupied the present position of the Whig party, I would employ the same argument in favor of conjoining with them.

As I pursue this subject, it opens wider and wider before my mind. It grows to be of unspeakable importance to the cause of human freedom. For what purpose, let me ask, has God placed it in the hands of the Abolitionists of this country, to decide the greatest question that ever agitated it? Few in number, and widely scattered, they are entirely powerless of themselves to effect anything—yet they are happily thrown into the position of umpire between Slavery and Freedom!

Briefly, temperately, and with all the seriousness that befits the subject, let us view in contrast, my fellow-Abolitionists, the direct and remote consequences of our own action in this important juncture. On the one hand, we have the annexation of a new Slave Empire, inevitable war with Mexico, probable war with Great Britain, an immense national debt, the legislative preponderance of the Slave Power insured for a century to come, a new and powerful stimulus given to the Slave-Trade at home, on the African coast, and elsewhere, the reduction of new millions of human beings to Slavery, and the indefinite perpetuation of this dreadful curse upon future generations! Such are some of the consequences which lie in wait at our doors. On the other hand, with the reverse of the picture, we have all the moral influence of a successful arrest of the Slave Power in its first attempt to grasp foreign territory, and the gratitude of scores of millions of our fellow-creatures for a life of freedom, instead of a life of Slavery. We ward off from humanity the heaviest blow that rapacious avarice could inflict. We hasten the day of emancipation to Africa and her children throughout the world, in number, falling little short of seventy millions of human beings!

With this issue in our power, *dare* we fail to use it?

The recent election in Pennsylvania leaves not a shadow of doubt of the ability of the Abolitionists of that State to turn the scale. This is probably the case, also, in New-York, Maine, Indiana, and Ohio.

Abolitionists of those States—one feeble voice warns you of the responsibility resting in your hands. On behalf of the millions who groan in Slavery, it appeals to you to cast aside all lesser objects, all lesser necessities, all partisanship, and drop into the doubtful balance, the golden weight of Justice.

A few words of warning to the politico-Abolition party. There are thousands of its members who rank amongst the most intelligent and upright of our citizens, who believe its purposes to be honest and disinterested. Sincere lovers of truth, they will listen calmly to the following statement, which I make with no other design than that of advancing the cause which we, in common, have at heart.

A gentleman, whose labors in the Anti-Slavery field were most assiduous in former years, but who has lived in comparative retirement since our organizations became the prey of internal dissensions, but whose name I regret I am not at liberty to mention, especially as it would carry with it evidence of the most unquestionable veracity to all minds—this gentleman said to me, about four months since, in conversation on the political Abolition party, "I believe it to be not less corrupt than the other parties, which it denounces; and to sustain my belief, I have this fact among others;—that Thomas Morris, of Ohio, at the very time of his nomination for the Vice Presidency, held the opinion that colored men *ought to be debarred the exercise of the elective franchise*—and I know, further, that *the leaders of the party were aware of this fact at the time of his nomination*. I spoke to Mr. Birney on the subject some time after, and he replied to my statement, 'I think there is reason to believe that Mr. Morris has changed his opinions on that point.' I then asked him if he *knew* that Mr. Morris did not continue to hold these opinions, to which he replied in the negative. And subsequently to this, I made the same statement to Wm. L. Chaplin, who did not attempt to deny its truth!"

Such a fact as is here exposed, does not speak well for a party that assumes to stand alone in purity of character and purpose; but it does not militate against the mass of its members, who are grossly deceived. I remember distinctly, that when the nomination of Vice President was tendered to Thomas Earle, it was declined by him, unless the party would incorporate among its objects the democratic theory against monopolies—which they did, and he accordingly accepted the nomination. The political opinions of the editor of the Emancipator, are so well carried out in that journal, that the Democratic party in Massachusetts circulate it at their own expense, for the purpose of injuring the Whig cause. And it is quite a curious fact, that Mr. Leavitt's views as to the effect of Annexation on Slavery, are almost precisely coincident with those of Mr. Clay! These facts, coupled with the recent nomination of Mr. Birney by the Democratic party, to the Legislature of Michigan, are sufficient to give something more than an Anti-Slavery character to the political Abolition party. These gentlemen are sufficiently adroit at the game of politics to know, that if they succeed in preserving their party lines unbroken, they may defeat the Whig ticket, an object dearer to them than the preservation of Texas from the grasp of the Slave Power.

It will be observed that I do not say, nor is it my belief, that the Whig party is an Abolition party. I maintain only, that it has not been entirely deaf to the voice of justice—that it has taken up one of the most important issues which Anti-Slavery exertion ever created in any country, and that those who have in times past sacrificed so much in forming that issue, should not now abandon it to the hazard of certain defeat; but, sinking all minor considerations and interests, they should rally round it with one voice and one determination, and "*nail it to the mast.*"

Is it the part of wise and disinterested men to withhold their influence from the only party which has the power, in the present crisis, to arrest a great national crime, and to cast it in favor of one that has no expectation of possessing even the *shadow* of such power? And this, too, when the consequences of such a course must involve the certain defeat of the very and only purpose for which they are professedly striving? If ever infatuation run into madness, it is here! What faith, henceforth, is to be placed in men, who to-day declare it to be a virtue to participate, by blind adherence to Party, in the extension and perpetuity of crimes, to abolish which, but yesterday, they fain would have moved the universe!

I cannot yet believe that the mass of voting Abolitionists will suffer themselves to be shorn of their strength by the modern Delilah, "Liberty Party." With the make-weight of Justice in their hands, they possess the strength of Samson. Reason, and the love of Right, preserve them from becoming the sport of their foes!

JAMES S. GIBBONS.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1844.

Take Notice.—There is a paper published in this city, called the New-York Standard, and letters and papers intended for us, often get miscarried to that office. Our friends and correspondents will please be sure and direct to us, as the *Anti-Slavery* Standard.

ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Pursuant to the notice in our last number, this meeting was held at Boston, and proved a truly interesting and useful one. How much do not the Abolitionists owe to association with each other! how like is the fire of Freedom in the human soul to the flame which enlivens and cheers the body from the united embers of the household hearth! Together, we create a beacon which is seen afar off, as a signal to other nations and a warning and guide to our own. Asunder, how quickly does the flame of Liberty smoulder away and become extinct in dead cold ashes!

It is most delightful and cheering to witness and participate in these benefits growing out of the Anti-Slavery organization. It is the most common thing in the world to hear complaints of the frivolity and hollowness of general society. Everybody seems to feel that the mere interchange of morning calls, (or more literally speaking, of cards,) and the routine of evening visits, is becoming more "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." The truth is, in all these formal observances, men and women do but *simulate* society. How delightful would it be could the true social-spirit—the wish to do good—the desire to impart to others what we ourselves enjoy, be made the foundation of what is commonly called Society, as it is of the Anti-Slavery associations. When we meet as human beings, devising the means to make all men free, there is no embarrassment for subjects to talk about. When one is really thinking of something animating, elevating, and useful, one is not obliged to turn hastily over in the mind a series of nothings that shall consequently be incapable either of offending or pleasing, nor tempted to misname such a dry utterance of words, conversation.

our association, than those which are set forth in the articles. Nothing has been urged against us with more earnest bitterness than this; that we were "running a ploughshare through the vitals of society." "I can go with you," says one, "as far as *Slavery* is concerned, but you are breaking down all distinctions of *rank*, you are actually associating with *washer-women*." Sometimes it is *Heretics* that are objected to—sometimes women—sometimes *Non-Voters*. We know at once that he who objects to *any* man's help, or any woman's, for this cause, has but little wish for its success. We are shown as by a sunburst, that he who is bent on shutting some out from his Anti-Slavery association to propitiate others whom he fancies more influential or less obnoxious, is looking at the cause primarily for his own sake, and not for that of Freedom.

Many such thoughts as these were suggested and expressed at the Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society. The very sight of faces illuminated by the radiant expression of reality, resolution, and right feeling, was a sight to give strength for renewed exertion. The members present looked back upon the past eleven years with the strongest feelings of satisfaction in the contrast now afforded by the stir of a whole awakened land, to that weight of pestilential calm which hung over it undisturbed at the time of our first formation. In view of what has been accomplished, we stood looking back in grateful emotion, and are impelled by that strong feeling

"——to pour
A blessing on those parted years."

Their history is to us good for "warning, for rebuke, for correction, and instruction in Righteousness."

Our pecuniary affairs appeared to be prosperous. The treasury was found, as that of every benevolent association ought to be—empty. Its treasures should be laid up on high; and we say it as a matter of record, not of eulogy, that we *have* a sincere conviction, (which we have shown in our conduct of Anti-Slavery business,) of the truth of John Bunyan's paradox—

"There was a man, (and some did count him mad)—
The more he gave away, the more he had."

The afternoon thus passed together by the members of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society has helped and strengthened them. More strongly than ever are they resolved to give the summer and autumn of their lives, as they have its spring-time, to the prosecution of a work so holy, so ennobling, so truly gracious and comforting. They have brightened and strengthened the links that bind them to each other: They have resolved anew ever to unbind

"This helm of many battles from their heads,"

till the war of right against wrong is ended, and the triumph of high principle in every heart proclaimed.—c.

The following article was sent for insertion last week, but did not reach me in season. Mr. Leavitt has forgotten the great wisdom of silence, and in the last Emancipator has attempied an answer to the charges against himself and "Birney the Just." (!) Mr. Quincy has sent me a reply which must be deferred till the next paper, for want of room.

MR. LEAVITT AND MR. BIRNEY.

A few weeks since I published an article in the Standard on the pretensions of Mr. Birney to the votes of Abolitionists, which has had, and is still having, an extensive circulation. That article contained serious charges against Mr. Birney,—impeaching his character as an Abolitionist, and as an honest man. It consisted of a dispassionate statement of facts, *none of which have ever been specifically contradicted*, showing how Mr. Birney had done his best to destroy the Anti-Slavery movement, and how he had assisted in making away with the Emancipator, and the rest of the property of the American Society, which had been entrusted to his care, and that of his fellow committee-men, under false pretences. The share of Mr. Leavitt, in these transactions, who was then, and still continues, the editor of the Emancipator, and who was also a member of the committee who began the game by which the organ of their constituents has been juggled from their possession into that of Mr. Leavitt, under false pretences and without consideration, was also incidentally mentioned. The following is all the notice that Mr. Leavitt has judged it best to take of the circumstance:

THE GREAT TORPEDO.—Some months ago the Whig papers all over the country circulated a notice that Edmund Quincy, Esq. a son of President Quincy, and brother of the Hon. Josiah Quincy, the chief marshal of the Whig party in Boston, was about to issue, at his convenience, a document that would show that Mr. Birney was, to Abolitionists, the most exceptionable of the three candidates for the Presidency, worse than Mr. Tyler himself. Well, the mine has been sprung; the "Standard Extra" was advertised in the Whig and Democratic papers yesterday and the day before, as for sale at No. 25 Cornhill. We have seen a copy, and it is but a warming over of the stale slanders which Mr. Quincy and his Whig coadjutors circulated, and which the public passed judgment upon, last year, as frivolous and malicious. It is a repetition of the controversy of "old organization."

It will be recollected that these "stale slanders," as far as they relate to the mismanagement of the property of the Society, including the *conveying* of the Emancipator, consisted solely of the statement of FACTS *derived from the Records of the old Executive Committee*, AUTHENTICATED BY THE SIGNATURE OF Mr. LEAVITT HIMSELF, AS RECORDING SECRETARY, *not one of which has ever been denied by any one who pretended to any personal acquaintance with them!* Mr. Leavitt, himself, in his statement on the subject last year, admitted them all, virtually, and if I remember rightly, in terms. It is true, as Mr. L. says, that "the public passed judgment upon their statements of fact, last year;" but I must differ from him as to the character of the judgment it made up,—unless he refers to his Public of the Emancipator, from which he scrupulously kept, as far as he could, all knowledge of what had been said on the other side. Mr. Leavitt's opportunities of knowing what was the opinion of the business public respecting these transactions, from the nature of the case, could hardly be of the best description. I have the very best reasons for knowing that those charges were *not* regarded by the public generally as "malicious," and still less as "frivolous."

There may be some of the issues made up by those who deserted the Anti-Slavery cause in 1840 to excuse their apostacy, about which men of the world and of business know but little, and care less. But the question of the management of funds and of property, is one in their own line, and which they are perfectly competent to understand and to decide. I believe that there has been but one opinion on the subject, among those of this class who have read the statements of fact,—and they were not a few last year, and are still increasing. Epithets have been freely used by them to describe those acts, which I will not repeat, as some sensitiveness has been evinced in this particular, and assertions made as to what would have been the fate of their perpetrators had they been committed in Wall street, or State street, instead of Nassau street, which I forbear to mention for the same reason. This is a question touching which the Presidents and Cashiers of Banks, Directors of Insurance Offices, brokers, agents, and trustees, and men of business, generally, are the most impartial and the most competent judges. I apprehend there has been no difference of opinion as to the character of these transactions among this class of the community, to whose knowledge the undeniable, and undenied, facts in the case have been brought. The fatuity of the Third Party in selecting a man liable to such imputations for their candidate, is a circumstance which seems to excite a general surprise.

It cannot be denied that Mr. Leavitt, in thus treating this matter, has shown himself wise in his generation. He has, indeed, from the very beginning, conducted himself, in this regard, with singular tact and worldly wisdom. His policy was, ofcourse, to say as little about these matters as he could. This he pursued until the Third Party had made progress enough to draw the eyes of the other parties to our statements as to the character and doings of its leaders. When they began to give our statements circulation, it became at length necessary for Mr. L. to make some sort of a defence of himself, or the cause would go by default. Thus pressed, he made the only defence which he could make; and he made it with an assurance to which all the annals of impudence can furnish no parallel. The FACTS he could not deny, for he knew they would be proved against him, *in his own handwriting*. He, therefore, stood boldly up before the world and affirmed, "THAT IN TRANSFERRING THE EMANCIPATOR, AND IN ASSIGNING THE OTHER PROPERTY OF THE SOCIETY, THEY, (THE COMMITTEE,) ACTED NOT AS TRUSTEES, BUT AS OWNERS!!!" As if the Directors of a Bank, as an intelligent Cashier of one said to me no longer ago than this morning, should put the funds of the corporation into their pockets, and then tell the stockholders, when they called them to an account, that they did it, NOT AS TRUSTEES, BUT AS OWNERS! Since that time he has maintained a discreet silence on the subject. In pursuance of the same line of policy, he has uniformly refused to insert our statements in the Emancipator, though we have always spread his statements in full before our readers. There can be no doubt as to the wordly prudence of this course, though there can be but one opinion as to its fairness and ingenuousness. Of course, what Mr. Leavitt has said and done, and what he has refused to say and do, amount to the fullest confession of every charge that we have ever brought against him, Mr. Birney, and their confederates.

Mr. Leavitt is, beyond a doubt, a man of great ability and uncommon tact. He is the Coryphœus of his faction. He is as much distinguished from his underlings of the provincial Third Party Press, in tact and discretion, as in talent and skill. He is the Third Party Incarnate. He is its leader, and the LEADER is ever THE PARTY. There are good men, and excellent Abolitionists, in the Third Party, as well as in the other two, but they must be content to take such measure as they themselves mete to the others, and consent to be marked with the characteristics of their leaders while they remain in the party. Their remedy is to come out from it, until it exchanges its present influences for purer and more honorable ones. The very ability of Mr. Leavitt renders him a more dangerous enemy to the cause of Liberty, which he once betrayed, and of which he has ever made merchandise. There is no more unprincipled and unscrupulous conductor of a public press, political or religious, in the United States; nor one whose influence is more hostile to the success of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise. Mr. Leavitt knows that I have scarcely any personal acquaintance, and no personal quarrel with him. What I have said and done, in his case, as in that of Mr. Birney, has been extorted from me by the exigences of the American Slaves,—whose servant I am. The weight of the trust I have taken upon myself sits heavy upon my soul, until I have at least attempted to discharge it in all its parts, and especially in those from which I feel most inclined to shrink. To strip off the disguise, and expose the treachery, of a pretended friend is not so animating a task as to encounter in the field an open enemy; but it is often an imperative duty, which it is impossible to avoid either with safety or with honor.—Q.

PROSCRIPTION AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE—SPIRIT OF "NEW ORGANIZATION" IN LIBERTY PARTY.

On Friday evening last I attended a meeting of the colored people, held in Union Hall, Anthony street. Its purpose was to hear the Report of Delegates to the Convention for the extension of the Elective Franchise to the colored people of this State. Of the character of the Convention I knew nothing, and nothing of the nature of the Report which was to be presented, and was not a little surprised at the developments made.

At a very small, but a very respectable meeting convened a few weeks since, the following Protest was adopted, and Ulysses B. Vidal, and James M'Cune Smith, were appointed Delegates to the State Convention, about to assemble at Schenectady, to present it to that body:

THE PROTEST

Of the undersigned colored citizens of the city and county of New-York, assembled on the 16th of September, 1844, to send Delegates to the Convention of the citizens of New-York, to be held at Schenectady, September 18th, for the purpose of obtaining an extension of the elective franchise; respectfully Saeweth; that

Whereas, at the State Convention held at Rochester, August 22d, 1843, for the purpose of obtaining the same object, the following Resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, That the Whig party, and the Democratic party, so called, the latter having positively refused, the other neglected to go to the extent of their ability to place those they had unrighteously proscribed upon a common level, politically, with other citizens, have both showed themselves unworthy the countenances and suffrages of the true friends of equal liberty, and the proscribed class themselves cannot vote with either without directly giving their own power and influence against themselves and their brethren universally.

"Resolved, That in going to the polls to vote, we will in no case whatever, vote with either of the proslavery parties of the land, since that would be, in our judgment, giving our suffrages against ourselves."

We do solemnly protest against the adoption of the above Resolutions by the Convention of 1843, and also against the adoption of any resolutions of kindred spirit, by the Convention about to assemble at Schenectady—

1st. Because the Convention of 1843 having assembled to take measures to obtain an extension of the elective franchise—a specific object—had no right to adopt resolutions extraneous, or detrimental to that object.

2d. Because the constituents of that Convention, being attached to no *one* political party, the Convention had no right, without previous notice to its constituents, to pass resolutions which, directly or indirectly, identify its constituents with any political party.

3d. Because the above resolutions place the success of the attempts to obtain an extension of the franchise upon the success of a *party* which must ever comprise but a portion of the people, instead of relying upon the will and magnanimity of the whole people.

4th. Because the Convention, by assuming an attitude hostile to two political parties, thereby places itself, and those whom it assumed in this matter to represent, in the position of men asking from two political parties the power, to enable them to overthrow those parties—whilst the truth is, we seek the elective franchise, not for the purpose of upholding one party and prostrating another, but we ask it in good faith, as good citizens, feeling our capacity to enjoy that great privilege, and our determination to exercise it for the best interests of the *whole people*, without regard to sect or party.

Resolved, That the above Protest be signed by the Chairman and Secretary on behalf of this meeting, and that the delegates from this city be requested to present the above protest to the Convention, with the request that it may be recorded upon the minutes of the Convention."

In behalf of the meeting.

JEREMIAH POWERS, Chairman.

JAMES M'CUNE SMITH, Secretary.

The Report of these gentlemen will be published entire in the next Standard. I make now the following extract:

"The question being put, the Convention, by a vote of 11 ayes, and 38 noes, refused to accept or record the Protest.

Of the 49 votes cast, about 33 were from Schenectady and Troy, nearly all in the negative: thus these two places, with a joint total colored population of less than 1,000, rejected the petition of New-York, containing 20,000 free colored people.

Immediately upon the announcement of this vote, U. B. Vidal, W. P. Powell, and James M'Cune Smith, of New-York, rose—the first two tendered their resignations as members of the business committee, and all tendered their resignations as members of the Convention, each giving his reasons for taking this step; the resignations were accepted by the Convention."

Immediately after the meeting at Union Hall was organized, the call for the meeting was read by a Mr. Johnson, who, either not understanding so simple a duty, or from a desire to throw obstacles in the way of those who had assembled for the purpose of hearing the Report of the Delegates, unnecessarily consumed much time, and did his duty in a most bungling fashion. He seemed at first determined to inflict a speech upon the audience, but being called to order, at length accomplished the purpose for which he was called up. There was evidently a determination to prevent the reading of the Report if possible. It was, however, then read by Dr. Smith. A motion was immediately made by Newport Henry, when the Doctor had finished, to lay the document on the table. Much warm discussion ensued in the effort to put the Report out of the way, by one party, and a determination by the other to bring it before the meeting for debate. The minutes of the meeting that prepared the Protest, were called for, as it was asserted that it was not a meeting of the citizens of New-York. Dr. Smith replied, that he had not the minutes with him; such a demand, he said, was irrelevant to the business of the present meeting, but showed briefly and conclusively, that that meeting, though small, was legal, and in good faith a meeting of the citizens. He settled that point beyond cavil. The Rev. Henry Highland Garnet, of Troy, then arose, and claimed the right to be heard. "He had heard," he said, "that his character was to be traduced there that evening, and he had come all the way from Troy, one hundred and seventy miles, to defend himself." Dr. Smith immediately demanded to know his authority for saying that he was to be traduced there. The reverend gentleman refused to give his authority, but pointed to the Report which had just been read, as proof of the fact. To this, Dr. Smith replied, "that the contents of that Report were not known till that day, to any persons, except Mr. Vidal and himself." Mr. Garnett was certainly very unfortunate to commence his labors for the evening, with so palpable a mistake. It was at last agreed that the Report should be laid on the table till a counter Report from other Delegates could be read, if there were any such present. The same Mr. Johnson who stated the object of the meeting at its commencement, in so clear and satisfactory manner, commingled by way of variety and ornament probably with various other matters, which no doubt were very significant to the initiated, but of which I could make nothing, said he had such a Report. He was requested to read it. I hardly expected a flood of light on the subject from this quarter, but was not prepared to see the gentleman with a solemn air, open the published minutes, a pamphlet of twenty-two pages, of the Schenectady Convention, and commence reading therefrom as his own Report! Some persons objected to this, but he was urged to go on by Mr. Garnett and others, and read the whole. The object seemed to be to stave off the main question. It is a mercy, however—if we may be thankful for bodily infirmities—that the reader was rather short-winded; and either somebody turned over two or three leaves at once for him, or changed his book without his knowing it, or he consenting, from the aforesaid infirmity, to skip a portion, did at length get through the 13th, and part of the 14th pages which contained the gist of the whole matter, and there stopped. In these pages were contained the reasons for the resignation of Messrs. Vidal, Powell, and Smith, and the reasons of the majority for rejecting the Protest. Of the first, the minutes, said the Secretary, *"has received* the following, &c." Dr. Smith immediately asked of the Secretary who was present, by what authority it was said these reasons *were received*, for neither he nor his colleagues had presented any reasons, but on the contrary had refused to do so, deeming that they and their constituents had been proscribed by the Convention. The Secretary replied, that he was very careful to write, "*inserted*" by permission, &c. and not "*has received.*" Mr. Garnett, who was Chairman of the Publishing Committee, was called upon to explain. He replied that—really—he did not know—it must be a misprint! This, I think, may be fairly set down as mistake No. 2, of that reverend gentleman. This was the only light shed upon the subject by the reading of this heterogeneous and confused—considering the *skippings*—Report of Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Garnett now rose to speak to the main question, the Report of the Delegates. Such at least, according to Parliamentary usage, was the ostensible purpose of his rising. His speech, however, was a slight autobiographical sketch, and a very general self-glorification,—interspersed with much amusing anecdote—of the Reverend Henry Highland Garnett. He observed among other things, that there was a Reporter present, and hoped that he should be correctly reported. I trust that my brief sketch will be satisfactory. His main purpose, however, was to show, not that the Schenectady Convention did not do all that they were charged with in rejecting the Protest, or to explain or defend them in their high-handed outrage on the rights of the colored citizens of New-York, but to show that the following paragraph from the Delegates' Report was false, and an attack upon his character:

Mr. THOMPSON, of Albany, advocated the reception and record of the Protest; because, the colored people seek the franchise, as a boon, from the whole people, not from any party or portion of the people. He illustrated the absurdity of a contrary course, by the following fact, which was not denied, viz: That the Convention at Rochester had passed a Resolution, "instructing the General Committee to wait on the Governor, and request him to make favorable mention of the extension of the franchise to the people of color, in his annual message;" that when the Central Committee waited on Governor Bouck, his Excellency stated his willingness to comply with their request, in case he found sufficient reason in the *minutes of the Convention*, which he requested the committee to bring to him. But the Chairman of the Central Committee (Rev. Mr. Garnett of Troy) could not be prevailed on to carry the minutes to the Governor, although frequently urged to do so. "And why?" said Mr. Thompson, "because those very minutes denounced the party to which Governor Bouck belonged."

This, Mr. Garnett declared was a false statement, and calculated to injure his character—(this last, at least, nobody will dispute.) He said, moreover, that he did deny the fact in the Convention; that the Buffalo Convention passed no such Resolution as was here alleged, and challenged Dr. Smith to find such an one; and that when he called on Governor Bouck, he was accompanied by this Mr. Thompson, and that not having the minutes of the Convention with him, he left it with Mr. Thompson to procure them for the Governor.

Dr. Smith replied, that Mr. Garnett did not deny the fact stated at Schenectady, and Mr. Vidal corroborated his assertion. Here were two witnesses against one, and considering Mr. Garnett's liability to mistakes, and the fact that Mr. Thompson was not present to settle the question of veracity thus raised, we may call this mistake No. 3. Dr. Smith also said, the Resolution referred to *was* passed at Buffalo, but as the minutes were not published, he could not of course read it, and more especially as it had been *expunged* from the Records of that meeting, which act he charged on Mr. Garnett himself! To which charge the reverend gentleman said he disdained a reply! Mistake No. 4.

The shifting of the responsibility upon Mr. Thompson of not having given the minutes to Gov. Bouck, Mr. Vidal put back again upon the right owner, by showing that it was Mr. Garnett's duty, as Chairman of the Committee, to see that the Governor received the minutes, and showed also that it was not done by Mr. Garnett, because he did not choose to do it, as he said to Mr. Thompson and Mr. Rich, at the termination of their interview with the Governor, "Pooh! there is no use in going back to that old fellow, *he has seen the minutes of the Rochester Convention!!!*" This was not denied. And here is mistake No. 5, of the Rev. Henry Highland Garnett. Dr. Smith, in the clearest and most conclusive manner, also showed the fallacy of the reasons of the majority for rejecting the Protest, and commented with much power upon the outrage which had been perpetrated upon the rights of his fellow-citizens. He used also the *argumentum ad hominem* with great pertinency, by calling to the reverend gentleman's mind the time when he objected to Mr. Birney's going before a Committee at Albany to argue the right of the colored people to extended suffrage, because Mr. Birney was a Liberty Party man, and as the question was one which should be kept entirely free from partisan politics.

It was nearly midnight when I left. Mr. Garnett was then speaking, not on the merits of the question, but was making a Liberty Party harangue, and endeavoring to show it to be the duty of all colored men to vote with that party. He forgot to remember, or didn't know, that other men also had consciences, and minds of their own, and that he, and his partisans had no authority to trample on the rights of those others, who conceived that the right of suffrage was one which they should demand as men, and not as partisans; and that they reserved to themselves the right of acting with any or with no party as best pleased them.

The Report of the Delegates was finally adopted by a vote of 42 Yeas to 34 Nays. The meeting also refused to amend the Report by striking out, at the instance of Mr. Garnett, in the passage last quoted, the words, "*that the Convention at Rochester had passed a Resolution instructing the Central Committee to wait on the Governor,*"—and insert in their place, the words, "*that when the Central Committee waited on the Governor to, &c.*"

I have barely recorded the facts attending this extraordinary transaction. I have set down nothing in malice, and extenuated nothing, but deeming that such an instance of Third Party tactics, and its new organization spirit is worthy of record, I have given it a place for the benefit of such of our colored friends as are favorable to Liberty Party, who will find the transaction, when read aright, fraught with valuable instruction. I have a word further to say next week.—G.

JAMES S. GIBBONS' "APPEAL."

This will be found in another column, and needs no extended reply, as enough has been said in former numbers of the Standard, as to what seems to me to be the true position of Abolitionists in the approaching Presidential contest. It so happens that the letter of James Fulton, in a preceding column, is an answer not only to Mr. Child, but to Mr. Gibbons also, who stands upon precisely the same ground. I may, however, repeat, that as Mr. Clay is ready, and virtually pledged for Annexation if certain obstacles can be removed, the Abolitionist who votes for him, in the hope that he will prevent Annexation, votes for a *contingency*, inasmuch as these obstacles may, and probably will, be removed. No effort of consequence has yet been made to gain the consent of Mexico, and it is by no means certain that it may not be gained; and having been, the great objections of Mr. Clay, of War, National dishonor and the want of the consent of the "respectable" portion of the Nation—which includes only the South, and its Northern vassals—are done away with. But Abolitionists are not only *Anti-Annexationists*, and should Texas be kept out of the Union by the Whig party, that same party, we have their own assurance from Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster, Mr. Choate, Mr. Adams, and a host of others, will protect Slavery within its Constitutional limits. The Abolitionist then who votes for Mr. Clay, it seems to me, is unfaithful to the Slave, and lays a heavy sin upon his own soul. I marvel that it is a question in any man's mind.

JAMES G. BIRNEY.

I have been requested, by several subscribers to the Standard in Philadelphia, to insert the letter, on the first page, from a Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, a brother-in-law of Mr. Birney. The letter asserts,—what I believe nobody denies,—the fact, that Mr. Birney emancipated his slaves at considerable personal sacrifice. It also vouches for the purity of his motives in becoming an Abolitionist. It is not impossible that his motives may have been very pure in 1835, and very corrupt in 1840. If, therefore, its insertion in the Standard was asked as an offset to Mr. Quincy's charges, it is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Marshall's *opinions* of a man's character in 1835 will be hardly considered a sufficient answer to alledged actual misconduct five years later. As a certificate of *previous* good conduct, to be sure, it may be of some value, and considered in the light of a recommendation to mercy, may be a very proper plea to make before the high court of Abolitionists in mitigation of punishment. Perhaps this was the only purpose our friends had in sending it. In any event, whatever may have been the motive which prompted the request for its insertion in the Standard, I cheerfully comply with it, and give it also the benefit of the prefatory remarks of the (Philadelphia) Liberty Herald. In return, will the editor of that paper give a place in its columns to Mr. Quincy's article, published in the Standard of September 19th, that his readers, as well as ours, may have *all* the evidence before them, from which to form a correct judgment as to the anti-slavery character of Mr. Birney, and to decide whether he be a fit candidate for the Presidency of the United States? This, he, and the other signers of the request to me, can hardly fail to see, is no more than justice to all parties. Let us have "free meeting."

On the first page, also, will be found Mr. Birney's letter to the Tribune, in answer to the paragraph which I published last week, announcing his nomination by the Democrats, as a candidate for the Legislature of Michigan. Some further evidence is given, to show that a coalition has taken place, or is about to be made, between the Democrats, and this leader of the Liberty party. Mr. Birney, it will be seen, in his letter, dodges the question of his nomination. Will the honest men of Liberty Party, whether they have been Whigs or Democrats, approve of this breach of political faith?

THE ELEVENTH MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

This Annual Bazaar deserves to be considered one of the institutions of the United States; and were we patriots, in the narrow sense of the word, we should beg foreigners to give our country credit accordingly. But it is to the credit of mankind at large, when any human being holds steadily to a holy purpose for eleven consecutive years, through good report and evil report; (the former often the most dangerous to holy purposes;) unwearied by toil, undismayed by opposition, uninfluenced by the flow of time, which wears away so many good intentions. We therefore feel free, seeing that this Bazaar is for the world's credit, and the world's benefit, to call upon all the world for aid as the time draws nigh. Especially to all Abolitionists we would say, in the words of Paul, "I entreat ye, true yoke-fellows, help those women which labored with me in the Gospel, whose names are in the book of life." For eleven years, neither treachery, nor selfish indulgence, nor vanity, nor forgetfulness, nor sinful self-distrust have had power over them to make them hold their names from the book of *this* soul-cheering existence. It is to them no self-denial now, no matter what they may once have counted it, or however the novice in the work may consider it. All other emotions seems unsatisfactory, insufficient, merely personal,

"Compared with these high feelings which inspire
The genius of the gift of Liberty."

What matters it to their hearts, or to the welfare of the slave, that what they do is little, if it be all they can? Is not the cup of cold water, given in the right spirit, still as significant of all that is good, and noble, and successful in life, as it was when the three friends of David hazarded their lives to draw it from the guarded well of Bethlehem, or when the Saviour bestowed his benediction upon all who offer it?

Let all, then, be up and doing. There are but about three months to pass between this time, and the week of the Fair. The prospect at present is, that there will be a smaller, but more attractive exhibition than on any former occasion. A little zeal and diligence will remedy this deficiency in quantity, and make the amount equal to the beauty of the contributions. We heartily thank each and all, "jointly an! severally," of the thirteen Anti-Slavery sewing circles in Worcester county, Massachusetts, who have announced to us their intention of coming to our help. How much their letters only have cheered and helped us, they can never know, till they too shall have labored for a decade, in all the discouragement of loneliness, and then begin to find that others' hearts are not of stone, but are ready to respond to theirs, if they will but overcome their disinclination to make the appeal.

An appeal like the one we have to make, who that would be thought human, will resist? It is for Freedom!—the basis of all other things;—the magnificent ground-tone in the music of human life, without which, life itself is as naught. Enjoying it ourselves, can we be so base as to find our happiness complete, while a slave calls vainly to us for deliverance!—that were to confess ourselves unworthy of the blessing.

☞ The LIBERTY BELL, our little Anti-Slavery annual, will be published as usual, at the time of the Fair. All of whom we have promise of contributions for it, either literary or pecuniary, or who feel moved to aid it in either way, are requested to write or send *immediately*, to M. W. Chapman, 39 Summer street, Boston; as only an early preparation can ensure a satisfactory completion.

ISAAC GRIFFIN'S letter, enclosing money, was never received. Neither did the second one, informing me that the money had been sent, ever reach me.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

From Havana.—The prosecutions against the slaves implicated in the late insurrectionary movements, are continued with activity.

After eight months of the most distressing drought, the island has at length been visited by the most refreshing and abundant rains. Vegetation once more begins to flourish, and the sugar and tobacco crops look favorable.

The *Real Junta de Fomento* have proposed a number of prizes, some of which are worth mentioning.

One of $1,200 to each of the three first owners of the plantations who shall during the years 1845, 1846, and 1847 settle on their lands fifty white families, provided with all the necessary implements of agriculture.

Six thousand dollars to each of the three first sugar planters, who, within the same period, shall settle twenty-five white families in lots—one half of these settlers to plant the sugar cane.

Twenty thousand dollars to the individual who will cultivate within the same period, a sugar plantation producing annually 45,000 arrobas of sugar purified by concentration or in a vacuum—the cane to be cultivated exclusively by thirty white families, possessing each a certain measure of ground.

There are a number of other heavy prizes offered for the best machinery for purifying and boiling sugar, for the improvement of the breed of horses, &c.—*N. O. Bee Sept* 10.

Later from Mexico.—The French barque Anax, Captain Figerou, arrived at New Orleans on Monday week, having sailed from Vera Cruz on the 12th of September, only a few days later than the Fortuna, which arrived ten or twelve days before.

The Texan prisoners, whose release has been heretofore mentioned, came passengers in the Anax.

On the 31st of August, the President solicited leave of absence for a short time to look after his personal affairs. It is said that General Canalizo will perform the duties of Chief Magistrate during Santa Anna's absence. The command of the army of invasion against Texas has been entrusted to General Arista.

We learn no more by this arrival as to the action of the Mexican Congress upon the proposition of raising four millions for the Texas campaign. We do not believe that they will be able satisfactorily to adjust it, nor would it much surprise us, improbable as it may seem, were Santa Anna pleased that they are unable to do so.

A pamphlet, printed surreptitiously in Mexico, which takes for its title and text that "While we have a Congress we can make no progress," excites a warm discussion among the editors and contributors to the press at the capitol. Some think it an indication of Santa Anna's intentions, or a feeler put out by some of his friends. Others suppose it written to alarm the Congress and impel the members to hurry through measures for raising the $4,000,000 voted. Others, again, pronounce the whole thing a seditious pamphlet, intended only to embroil the executive and legislative departments, and to stir the latter up to resist any encroachment on its privileges, and to show that they are not to be driven into hasty action in so important a matter as levying a tax to raise four millions.

The Government of Mexico has shown very considerable chagrin at the robbery of the diligence in which Governor Shannon was passenger. Immediate inquiries were instituted into the facts of the case. The robbery took place on the night of the 25th of August, and was not very heavy, the Minister losing only a valuable cloak, about eighty dollars, his watch and pencil case. The driver is alone blamed for not having chosen to wait for the proper escort. As soon as the robbery was known to the commander at Puebla, troops were ordered in pursuit, but the robbers, being well mounted, made their escape.—*Picayune.*

PORT AU PRINCE, September 14, 1844.

Hayti.—Presuming that a short sketch of the present condition and future prospects of the sable inhabitants of this unfortunate island will not be without interest to a portion of your numerous readers, I propose to occupy a short space in the columns of your paper for that purpose, based upon personal observation of some eight months' residence. Since the abdication and flight of ex President Boyer and his retinue, in the summer of 1843, it can scarcely be said that any real Government has effectually existed in this island. The establishment of a provisional Government, the subsequent adoption of a Constitution, the election of General Charles Herrard Riviere as President, his expedition against the Spanish part, his utter defeat, and abandonment of the Constitution, his own final expulsion from the island, followed by the appointment of Gen. Guerrier as President, all succeeded each other with such rapidity, and in such turmoil, confusion, and alarm, that the very idea of Government was out of the question. But, under the present chief, matters have turned into a more peaceful and tranquil channel, and the people begin to learn that there is more to be gained by returning to the cultivation of the fields than in stirring up political strifes and jealousies. President Guerrier has been making a tour through the northern section of the island, where he was received with great distinction and marked approbation. He visited Cape Haytien, where, under the renowned Christophe, in early life, he gained his first laurels as a general. He is now on his return, and will make another tour through the South. In the mean time, the notorious General Acaau, who a short time since was kicking up such a fuss at Aux Cayes and its vicinity, with spurs upon his bare feet, and riding over the necks and property of all that lay in his path, has been undergoing his trial for those offences before the courts-martial in this city, and has been condemned to five years' imprisonment and disgrace. It is still feared by many that his numerous friends will rally again, with the design of carrying out their diabolical purposes by a general massacre of the mulattoes; but there are evident indications of a disposition to return to the pursuits of agriculture, or at least to gather such of Nature's bounties as are spontaneously produced by this over fertile soil; for, as to actual agriculture, it deserves not the name. Great preparations are being made to give the President a splendid reception on his return. A grand national barbecue will be made on the occasion. The market is well supplied with American produce, and the demand limited. —*Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.*

Married,

At the house of Henry Collins, Ledyard, Cayuga county, N. Y. on the 19th of 9th month, by Friends' ceremony, ISAAC JACOBS, Jr. to ELIZABETH THAYER.

In Hingham, on the 10th instant, by Rev. Mr. Stearns, Mr. HENRY W. LINCOLN, to Miss SARAH B. daughter of Dea. Gorham Lincoln.

NOTICES.

AWAKE FOR THE OPPRESSED!

A Convention will be holden in New Bedford on the 19th and 20th of this month, to discuss the demerits of American Slavery.

The friends in the neighboring towns are invited to meet at Liberty Hall, at half-past 10 o'clock, A. M. with Edmund Quincy, C. L. Remond, Francis Jackson, W. A. White, and Wendell Phillips, who are all expected to be present on the occasion. Let Bristol county awake for the bondman, and send forth a renewed sound—"No Union with Slaveholders, religiously or politically!"

Per order New-Bedford Anti-Slavery Society.

New-Bedford, Oct. 3, 1844.

WEYMOUTH ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It has been found impossible to make preparation for this Fair quite so early as was at first proposed, and notice of the time will be given hereafter. The friends of the cause are entreated to unite with fresh zeal, liberality, and industry, that the occasion may not fail to be what it now promises to be—one of great importance to the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, and of uncommon interest to its advocates. A few very beautiful articles from abroad have been already received, and donations of materials for making more; so that a large attendance on the weekly sewing meeting is more than ever desirable, as the time of the Fair approaches.

MARY WESTON, } Com.
SARAH H. COWING, }

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Dear friends and fellow laborers.—With hopeful hearts, we have commenced our preparations for our next annual fair, resolved that it shall be greatly superior to that of the last year. For the accomplishment of this purpose, we are dependent upon you. Will you not give us ample proof that we have not relied upon you in vain? You cannot need that we should offer you incentives to increased diligence and zeal in our common cause. The image of the suffering slave is vividly before your mental vision; and were you in any danger of forgetting the sad living picture, it would be frequently revived by some new odious manifestation of the slave power, or by the presence of the fugitive, crossing, in the haste of terror, your brighter path.

Nor need we present to you arguments in favor of this method of advancing our cause. You are aware that our fairs have been a source of great pecuniary profit, as the reports of the treasurer of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society show. The principal part of the profit derived from them have passed into the treasury of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, of which you are members. In asking your assistance, then, we are but asking you to aid our common cause, through the agencies which you have constituted. You have nobly responded to our calls, in other years. Have you not commenced our second decade with renewed ardor and increased self-sacrifice? Will you not evince it by immediately beginning, with us, preparations for the fair of 1844? Labor, each according to your ability or inclination, to let each do something. All marketable commodities, useful or ornamental, will be gratefully received. If our contributors will send, with their manufactures, a statement of the cost of the materials of each, the committee estimating the labor expended on them, will be careful to prevent any article from being sold at a price below its value. A very large part of the articles sold, yield a *fair profit*. If any of our friends in the country, will come and superintend the sale of their articles, they will be most welcome, and their aid truly valuable.

We are sorry to say that our poultry stall was not as well furnished as usual last year. Will not abolitionists who are preparing produce for their own tables or the market, remember, and give us a practical proof that they remember the physically and spiritually starved slave? Give to him, as God hath given to you, freely, abundantly.

We advise all who intend to work in this department, (and what abolitionist in Eastern Pennsylvania does not) so begin at once to do something, and enlist the sympathies and efforts of as many others as possible.

We are sure, dear friends, that none of us will regret having done too much, but we may regret having done too little for the emancipation of two and a half millions of slaves.

On behalf of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society.

Anna M. Hopper,	*Maria M. Davis,*
Mary Grew,	*Emma Parker,*
Sarah McKim,	*Matilda Casey,*
Phebe Earle,	*Taressa Hallowell,*
Huldah Justice,	*Elizabeth J. Neall,*
Susan Dorsey,	*Rebecca Stackhouse,*
Gertrude K. Burleigh,	*Sarah Pugh,*
Harriet Snyder,	*Mary Shaw,*
Margaret Griscom,	*Sarah Dorsey*
Sarah M. Douglass,	*Margaret Jones,*
Harriet D. Purvis,	*Margaretta Forten,*
Hetty Burr,	*Esther Reckless,*
Mary T. Stickney,	*Jannetta Jackson,*
Martha T. Carman,	*Elizabeth Carman,*
Mary Earle,	*Lydia Gillingham,*
Sidney Ann Lewis,	*Hannah Lee Stickney,*
Sarah Lewis,	*Susan Grew,*

Susan Shaw.

FRIENDS OF THE SLAVE.

It is proposed to hold a series of conventions throughout the State of Ohio, this summer and fall, to spread Anti-Slavery light and truth abroad, and awaken the people to a sense of their responsibilities in reference to this all-important subject. We appeal to you, fellow-citizens, to your sympathies and sense of justice, for the means of keeping such men as Amos Dresser and Henry Bibb in the field; the one to show what we have to do with slavery, the other to tell of the wrongs and sufferings of the slave, (he having been one of the sufferers,) with pathos and natural eloquence that goes directly to the heart, awakening the tender sympathies of the soul and taking directly hold of the individual's conscience.

Shall they and all others be enabled to plead the cause of freedom and rebuke the wrong?

Contributions and pledges can be handed to A. F. Hanna, Cadiz, and Cyrus McNeely, Harrison county, Jane Boyd, Lloydsville, Belmont county, Thomas Moore, Carroll county, George Garretson, Treasurer, New Lisbon, Columbiana county, Elihu Bailey, Somerset, Belmont county, or to myself.

Those friendly to the above object are requested to act as agents in making contributions in their respective neighborhoods. SAMUEL BROOKE.

Gen. Agent, O.

Poetry.

THE OF CRY THE HUMAN.

BY E. B. BARRETT.

"There is no God," the foolish saith,—
But none, "There is no sorrow;"
And nature oft, the cry of faith,
In bitter need will borrow:
Eyes which the preacher could not school,
By wayside graves are raised;
And lips say, "God be pitiful,"
Who ne'er said, "God be praised."
Be pitiful, O God!

The tempest stretches from the steep
The shadow of its coming—
The beasts grow tame, and near us creep,
As help were in the human—
Yet, while the cloud-wheels roll and grind
We spirits tremble under!—
The hills have echoes; but we find
No answer for the thunder.
Be pitiful, O God!

The battle hurtles on the plains—
Earth feels new scythes upon her:
We reap our brothers for the wains,
And call the harvest . . honor,—
Draw face to face, front line to line,
One image all inherit,—
Then kill, curse on, by that same sign,
Clay, clay,—and spirit, spirit.
Be pitiful, O God!

The plague runs festering through the town,—
And never a bell is tolling;
And corpses, jostled 'neath the moon,
Nod to the dead-cart's rolling!
The young child calleth for the cup—
The strong man brings it weeping;
The mother from her babe looks up,
And shrieks away its sleeping.
Be pitiful, O God!

The plague of gold strikes far and near,—
And deep and strong it enters:
This purple chimar which we wear,
Makes madder than the centaur's.
Our thoughts grow blank, our words grow strange;
We cheer the pale gold-diggers—
Each soul is worth so much on 'Change,
And marked, like sheep, with figures.
Be pitiful, O God!

The curse of gold upon the land,
The lack of bread enforces—
The rail-cars snort from strand to strand,
Like more of Death's White Horses!
The rich preach "rights," and future days,
And hear no angel scoffing:
The poor die mute—with starving gaze
On corn-ships in the offing.
Be pitiful, O God!

We meet together at the feast—
To private mirth betake us—
We stare down in the wine-cup, lest
Some vacant chair should shake us!
We name delight, and pledge it round—
"It shall be ours to-morrow!"
God's seraphs! do your voices sound
As sad in naming sorrow?
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit together, with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us:
We look into each other's eyes,—
"And how long will you love us?"—
The eyes grew dim with prophecy,
The voices, low and breathless—
"Till death us part!"—O words, to be
Our *best* for love the deathless!
Be pitiful, dear God!

We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed—
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, "Be stronger hearted!"
O God,—to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!—
To see a light on dearest brows,
Which is the daylight only!
Be pitiful, O God!

The happy children come to us,
And look up in our faces:
They ask us—Was it thus, and thus,
When we were in their places?
We cannot speak: we see anew
The hills we used to live in;
And feel our mother's smile press through
The kisses she is giving.
Be pitiful, O God!

We pray together at the kirk,
For mercy, mercy, solely—
Hands weary with the evil work,
We lift them to the Holy!
The corpse is calm below our knee—
Its spirit, bright before Thee—
Between them, worse than either, we—
Without the rest or glory!
Be pitiful, O God!

We leave the communing of men,
The murmur of the passions;
And live alone, to live again
With endless generations.
Are we so brave?—The sea and sky
In silence lift their mirrors;
And, glassed therein, our spirits high
Recoil from their own terrors.
Be pitiful, O God!

We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding!
The sun strikes, through the farthest mist,
The city's spire to golden.
The city's golden spire it was,
When hope and health were strongest,
But now it is the churchyard grass,
We look upon the longest.
Be pitiful, O God!

And soon all vision waxeth dull—
Men whisper, "He is dying:"
We cry no more, "Be pitiful!"—
We have no strength for crying!—
No strength, no need! Then, Soul of mine,
Look up and triumph rather—
Lo! in the depth of God's Divine,
The Son adjures the Father—
Be pitiful, O God!

From the Mohawk Mirror.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

BY THE REV. B. FOLTZ.

I asked the bondman, trod in dust,
As galled with chains he smote his breast,
Say! is there *one* thou still canst trust?
He said, "There is in heaven."

I asked him with his heart-strings riven,
For dear ones—to the market driven—
Tell! can there be a joy-drop given?
He said, "There can—in heaven."

I asked him with his race nigh run,
When age and death came sweeping on—
Hast thou a *friend* that can sustain?
He said, "I have—in heaven."

I asked him in death's fearful strife,
And can *this friend* now give thee life?
Saying, "*My all* to Him I give!"
He smiled—*and lives* in heaven.

Miscellany.

From the Edinburgh Review.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CLAPHAM SECT; OR, THE COTERIE OF WILBERFORCE.

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On the bright evening of a day which had run its course some thirty or forty summers ago, the usual groups had formed themselves in the library already celebrated. Addressing a nearer circle, might be heard above the unbusy hum the voice of the Prelector, investigating the characteristics of Seneca's morality, perhaps; or, not improbably, the seizure of the Danish fleet; or, it might be, the various gradations of sanity as exhibited by Robert Hall, or Joanna Southcote; when all pastimes were suspended, and all speculations put to flight, to welcome the approach of what seemed a dramatic procession, emerging from the deep foliage by which the further slopes of the now checkered lawn were overhung. In advance of the rest, two noisy urchins were putting to no common test the philanthropy of a tall shaggy dog, their playfellow, and the parental indulgence of the slight figure which followed them. Limbs scarcely stouter than those of Asmodeus, sustaining a torso as unlike as possible to that of Theseus, carried him along with the agility of an antelope, though under the weight of two coat-pockets, protuberant as the bags by which some learned brother of the coif announces and secures his rank as leader of his circuit. Grasping a pocket volume in one hand, he wielded in the other a spud, caught up in his progress through the garden, but instinct at his touch with more significance than a whole museum of horticultural instruments. At one instant, a staff on which he leant and listened to the projector at his elbow developing his plan for the better coppering of ships' bottoms, at the next it became a wand, pointing out to a portly constituent from the Cloth Hall at Leeds some rich effect of the sunset; then a truncheon, beating time to the poetical reminiscences of a gentleman of the Wesleyan persuasion, looking painfully conscious of his best clothes, and of his best behaviour; and ere the sacred cadence had reached its close, a cutlass raised in mimic mutiny against the robust form of William Smith, who, as commodore of this ill-assorted squadron, was endeavoring to convoy them to their destined port. But little availed the sonorous word of command, or the heart-stirring laugh of the stout member for Norwich, to shape a straight course for the volatile representative of the county of York, now fairly under the canvass of his own bright and joyous fancies. He moved in obedience to some impulse like that which prompts the wheelings of the swallow, or the dodging of the barbel. But whether he advanced, or paused, or revolved, his steps were still measured by the ever-changeful music of his own rich voice, ranging over all the chords expressive of mirth and tenderness, of curiosity or surprise, of delight or of indignation. *Eheu, fugaces!* Those elder forms are all now reposing beneath the clods of the valley; those playful boys are venerable dignitaries of the Church; and he who then seemed to read while he listened silently, is now in the garrulity of declining years, telling old tales, and distorting, perhaps in the attempt to revive them, pictures which have long since been fading from the memory. But for that misgiving, how easy to depict the nearer approach of William Wilberforce, and of the tail by which, like some Gaelic Chief, or Hibernian demagogue, he was attended! How easy to portray the joyous fusion of the noisy strollers across the lawn, with the quieter but not less happy assemblage which had watched and enjoyed their pantomime—to trace the confluence of the two streams of discourse, imparting grace and rapidity to the one, and depth and volume to the other—to paint the brightening aspect of the grave censor, as his own reveries were flashed back on him in picturesque forms and brilliant colors—or to delineate the subdued countenance of his mercurial associate, as he listened to profound contemplations on the capacities and the duties of man!

Of Mr. Wilberforce, we have had occasion to write so recently, and so much at large, that though the Agamemnon of the host we celebrate—the very sun of the Claphanic system—we pause not now to describe him. His fair demesne was conterminous with that of Mr. Thornton; nor lacked there sunny banks, or sheltered shrubberies, where, in each change of season, they revolved the captivity under which man was groaning, and projected schemes for his deliverance. And although such conclaves might scarcely be convened except in the presence of these two, yet were they rarely held without the aid of others, especially of such as could readily find their way thither from the other quarters of the sacred village.

It is not permitted to any Coterie altogether to escape the spirit of Coterie. Clapham Common, of course, thought itself the best of all possible commons. Such at least was the opinion of the less eminent of those who were entitled to house-bote and dinner-bote there. If the common was attacked, the whole homage was in a flame. If it was laughed at, there could be no remaining sense of decency amongst men. The commoners admired in each other the reflection o. their own looks, and the echo of their own voices. A critical race, they drew many of their canons of criticism from books and talk of their own parentage; and for those on the outside of the pale, there might be, now and then, some failure of charity. Their festivities were not exhilarating. New faces, new topics, and a less liberal expenditure of wisdom immediately after dinner, would have improved them. Thus, even at Clapham, the discerning might perceive the imperfections of our common nature, and take up the lowly confession of the great Thomas Erskine—"After all, gentlemen, I am but a man."

But if not more than men, they were not less. They had none of the intellectual excombry since so prevalent. They did not instil philosophic and political Neology into young ladies and officers of the Guards, through the gentle medium of the fashionable novel. They mourned over the ills inseparable from the progress of society, without shrieks or hysterics. They were not epicures for whose languid palates the sweets of the rich man's banquet must be seasoned with the acid of the poor man's discontent. Their philanthropy did not languish without the stimulant of satire; nor did it degenerate into a mere ballet of tender attitudes and sentimental pirouettes. Their philosophy was something better than an array of hard words. Their religion was something more than a collection of impalpable essences; too fine for analysis, and too delicate for use. It was a hardy, serviceable, fruit-bearing, and patrimonial religion.

They were the sons, by natural or spiritual birth, of men who, in the earlier days of Methodism, had shaken off the lethargy in which, till then, the Church of England had been entranced—of men, by whose agency the great evangelic doctrine of faith, emerging in its primeval splendor, had not only overpowered the contrary heresies, but had perhaps obscured some kindred truths. This earlier generation of the evangelic school had been too ingenuous, and too confident in the divine reality of their cause, to heed much what hostility they might awaken. They had been content to pass for fools, in a world whose boasted wisdom they accounted folly. In their one central and all-pervading idea, they had found an influence hardly less than magical. They had esteemed it impossible to inculcate too emphatically, or too widely, that truth which Paul had proclaimed indifferently to the idolaters of Ephesus, the revellers of Corinth, the sophists of Athens, and the debauched citizens of sanguinary Rome.

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It is with a trembling hand that we inscribe on that monument the name of Zachary Macaulay; for it is not without some misgiving lest pain should be inflicted on the living, while we pass, however reverently, over the half-extinguished ashes of the dead. The bosom shrines, erected in remembrance of them, may be yet more intolerably profaned by rude eulogy than by unmerited reproach, and the danger of such profanation is the more imminent when the judgment, though unbiassed by any ties of consanguinity, is not exempt from influences almost as kindly and as powerful. It is, however, an attempt which he who would write the sectarian history of Clapham could not wholly decline, without an error like that of omitting the name of Grotius in a sectarian history of the Armenians.

A few paces separate from each other, in the church of Westminster, are three monuments, to which, in God's appointed time, will be added a fourth, to complete the sepulchral honors of those to whom our remotest posterity will ascribe the deliverance of mankind from the woes of the African slave-trade, and of colonial slavery. There is a yet more enduring temple, where, engraven by no human hands, abides a record, to be divulged in its season, of services to that cause, worthy to be commemorated with those of William Wilberforce, of Granville Sharpe, of Zachary Macaulay, and of Thomas Clarkson. But to that goodly fellowship the praise will be emphatically given. Thomas Clarkson is his own biographer, and pious hands have celebrated the labors of two of his colleagues. Of Mr. Macaulay no memorial has been made public, excepting that which has been engraved on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, by some eulogist less skillful than affectionate. It is no remediless omission, although it would require talents of the highest order, to exhibit a distinct and faithful image of a man whose peculiarity it was to conceal as far as possible his interior life, under the veil of his outward appearance. That his understanding was proof against sophistry, and his nerves against fear, were, indeed, conclusions to which a stranger arrived, at the first interview with him. But what might be suggesting that expression of countenance, at once so earnest and so monotonous—by what manner of feelings those gestures, so uniformly firm and deliberate, were prompted—whence the constant traces of fatigue on those overhanging brows, and on that athletic though ungraceful figure—what might be the charm which excited among his chosen circle a faith approaching to superstition, and a love rising to enthusiasm, towards a man whose demeanor was so inanimate, if not austere?—it was a riddle of which neither Gall nor Lavater could have found the key. That much was passing within, which that inelo-quent tongue and those taciturn features could not utter; that nature had compensated her other bounties by refusing him the means of a ready interchange of thought; and that he had won, without knowing how to court, the attachment of all who approached him closely—these were discoveries, which the most casual acquaintance might make, but which they whom he honored with his intimacy, and they alone, could explain.

To them he appeared a man possessed by one idea, and animated by one master passion—an idea so comprehensive, as to impart a profound interest to all which indicated its influence over him—a passion so benevolent, that the coldest heart could not withhold some sympathy from him who was the subject of it. Trained in the hardy habits of Scotland in ancient times, he had received from his father much instruction in theology, with some Latin, and a little Greek, when not employed in cultivating his father's glebe at Cardross, on the northern bank of Clyde. While yet a boy, he had watched as the iron entered into the soul of the slaves, whose labors he was sent to superintend in Jamacia; and abandoning with abhorrence a pursuit which had promised him early wealth and distinction, he pondered the question—How shall the earth be delivered from this curse? Turning to Sierra Leone, he braved for many years that deadly climate, that he might aid in the erection and in the defence of what was then the one city of refuge for the Negro race; and as he saw the Slave-Trade crushing to the dust the adjacent tribes of Africa, he again pondered the question—How shall the earth be delivered from this curse?

That God had called him into being to wage war with this gigantic evil, became his immutable conviction. During forty successive years, he was ever burdened with this thought. It was the subject of his visions by day, and of his dreams by night. To give them reality, he labored as men labor for the honors of a profession, or for the subsistence of their children. The rising sun ever found him at his task. He went abroad but to advance it. His commerce, his studies, his friendships, his controversies, even his discourse in the bosom of his family, were all bent to the promotion of it. He edited voluminous periodical works; but whether theology, literature, or politics were the text, the design was still the same—to train the public mind to a detestation of the Slave-Trade and Slavery. He attached himself to most of the religious and philanthropic societies of the age, that he might enlist them as associates, more or less declared in his holy war. To multiply such allies, he called into existence one great association, and contributed largely to the establishment of another. In that service he sacrificed all that man may lawfully sacrifice—health, fortune, repose, favor, and celebrity. He died a poor man, though wealth was within his reach. He pursued the contest to the end, though oppressed by such pains of body as strained to their utmost tension the self-sustaining powers of the soul. He devoted himself to the severest toil, amidst allurements to luxuriate in the delights of domestic and social intercourse, such as few indeed can have encountered. He silently permitted some to usurp his hardly-earned honors, that no selfish controversy might desecrate their common cause. He made no effort to obtain the praises of the world, though he had talents to command, and a temper peculiarly disposed to enjoy them. He drew on himself the poisoned shafts of calumny; and while feeling their sting as generous spirits alone can feel it, never turned a single step aside from his path to propitiate or to crush the slanderers.

They have long since fallen, or are soon to fall, into unhonored graves. His memory will be ever dear to those who hate injustice and revere the unostentatious consecration of a long life to the deliverance of the oppressed. It will be especially dear to the few who closely observed, and who can yet remember, how that self-devotion became the poetical element of a mind not naturally imaginative; what deep significance it imparted to an aspect and a demeanor not otherwise impressive; what energy to a temper, which, if not so excited, might perhaps have been phlegmatic; what unity of design to a mind constitutionally discursive; and what dignity even to physical langour and suffering, contracted in such a service. They never can forget that the most implacable enemy of the tyrants of the plantation and the slave-ship, was the most indulgent and generous and constant of friends; that he spurned, as men should spurn, the mere pageanty of life, that he might use, as men should use, the means which life affords of advancing the happiness of mankind; that his earthward affections, active and all-enduring as they were, could yet thrive without the support of human sympathy, because they were sustained by so abiding a sense of the Divine presence, and so absolute a submission to the Divine will, as raised him habitually to that higher region, where the reproach of man could not reach, and the praise of man might not presume to follow him.

Although, to repeat a mournful acknowledgment, the tent of Thomas Clarkson was pitched elsewhere, yet throughout the slave-trade abolition war, the other chiefs who hailed him as the earliest, and as among the mightiest of their host, kept their communications open by encamping in immediate vicinity to each other. Even to Lord Brougham the same station may, with poetical truth at least, be assigned by the Homer who shall hereafter sing these battles; for though at that period his London domicile was in the walks of the Inner Temple, yet might he not seldom be encountered in the less inviting walks which led him to the suburban councils of his brethren in command. There he formed or cemented attachments, of which no subsequent elevation of rank, or intoxicating triumph of genius, or agony of political strife, have ever rendered him forgetful. Of one of those denizens of Clapham he has published a sketch of which we avail ourselves, not as subscribing altogether to the accuracy of it, but as we can thus fill up, from the hand of so great a master, a part of our canvass which must have otherwise remained blank and colorless:—"Mr. Stephen was a person of great natural talents, which, if accidental circumstances had permitted him fully to cultivate, and early enough to bring into play upon the best scene of political exertion, the House of Commons, would have placed him high in the first rank of English orators. For he had, in an eminent degree, that strenuous firmness of purpose and glowing ardor of soul, which lies at the root of all eloquence: he was gifted with great industry, a retentive memory, an ingenuity which was rather apt to err by excess than by defect. His imagination was, besides, lively and powerful; little, certainly, under the chastening discipline of severe taste, but often enabling him to embody his own feelings and recollections with great distinctness of outline and strength of coloring. He enjoyed, moreover, great natural strength of constitution, and had as much courage as falls to the lot of most men. But having passed the most active part of his life in one of the West India colonies, where he followed the profession of a barrister, and having, after his return, addicted himself to the practice of a court which affords no scope at all for oratorical display, it happened to him, as it has to many other men of natural genius for rhetorical pursuits, that he neither gained the correct taste which the habit of frequenting refined society, and above all, addressing a refined auditory, can alone bestow, nor acquired the power of condensation, which is sure to be lost altogether by those who address hearers compelled to listen, like judges and juries, instead of having to retain them by closeness of reasoning, or felicity of illustration. * * * * * * * *

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It must have struck all who heard him when, early in 1808, he entered Parliament under the auspices of Mr. Perceval, that whatever defects he had, arose entirely from accidental circumstances, and not at all from intrinsic imperfections; nor could any one doubt that his late entrance upon parliamentary life, and his vehemence of temperament, alone kept him from the front rank of debaters, if not of eloquence itself. With Mr. Perceval, his friendship had been long and intimate. To this the similarity of their religious character mainly contributed; for Mr. Stephen was a distinguished member of the evangelical party to which the minister manifestly leant without belonging to it; and he was one whose pious sentiments and devotional habits occupied a very marked place in his whole scheme of life. No man has, however, a right to question, be it ever so slightly, his perfect sincerity. To this his blameless life bore the most irrefragable testimony. A warm and steady friend—a man of the strictest integrity and nicest sense of both honor and justice—in all the relations of private society wholly without a stain—though envy might well find whereon to perch, malice itself in the exasperating discords of religious and civil controversy, never could descry a spot on which to fasten. Let us add the bright praise, and which sets at naught all lesser defects of mere taste, had he lived to read these latter lines, he would infinitely rather have had this sketch stained with all the darker shades of its critical matter, than been exalted, without these latter lines, to the level of Demosthenes or of Chatham, praised as the first of orators, or followed as the most brilliant of statesmen. His opinions on political questions were clear and decided, taken up with the boldness, felt with the ardor, asserted with the determination, which marked his zealous and uncompromising spirit. Of all subjects, that of the Slave-Trade and Slavery most engrossed his mind. His experience in the West Indies, his religious feelings, and his near connexion with Mr. Wilberforce, whose sister he married, all contributed to give this great question a peculiarly sacred aspect in his eyes; nor could he either avoid mixing it up with almost all other discussions, or prevent his views of its various relations from influencing his sentiments on other matters of political discussion."*

The author of the preceding portrait enjoyed the happiness denied to the subject of it, not merely of witnessing, but of largely participating in, the last great act by which the labors borne by them in common, during so many preceding years, were consummated. It was a still more rare bounty of Providence, which reserved the abolition of Slavery throughout the British Empire as a triumph for the statesman who, twenty-seven years before, had introduced into the House of Commons the first great act of tardy reparation to Africa. Crowned with honor and with length of days, to Lord Grey it has further been given, by the same benignant power, to watch, in the calm evening of life, the issues of the works of justice and of mercy which God raised him up to accomplish. With the evil omens, and with the too glowing anticipations of former times, he has been able to contrast the actual solution of this great practical enigma. He has lived to witness eleven years of unbroken tranquillity, throughout countries where, before, a single year undisturbed by insurrection was almost unknown—the extinction of feuds apparently irreconcilable—positions full of danger in former wars, now converted into bulwarks of our national power—an equal administration of justice in the land of the slave-courts and the cart-whip—a loyal and happy peasantry, where the soil was so lately broken by the sullen hands of slaves—penury exchanged for abundance—a population, once cursed by a constant and rapid decay, now progressively increasing—Christian knowledge and Christian worship universally diffused among a people so lately debased by Pagan superstitions—and the conjugal duties, with all their attendant charities, held in due honor by those to whom laws, written in the English language, and sanctioned by the kings of England, had forbidden even the marriage vow. If, with these blessings, have also come diminished harvests of the cane and the coffee plant, even they who think that to export and to import are the two great ends of the social existence of mankind, have before them a bright and not very distant futurity. But he, under whose auspices the heavy yoke was at length broken, is contemplating, doubtless, with other and far higher thoughts, the interests of the world, from which, at no remote period, the inexorable law of our existence must summon him away. In that prospect, so full of awe to the wisest and the best, he may well rejoice in the remembrance that, in conferring on him the capacity to discern, and the heart to obey, the supreme and immutable will, God enabled him to grasp the only clew by which the rulers of the world can be safely guided amidst the darkness and the intricacy of human affairs.

* Speeches of Henry Lord Brougham. Vol. I. pp. 402-5.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

POWERS, THE SCULPTOR—AMUSING ANECDOTE.

A friend of ours, a gentleman who spent a part of the past winter in Italy, has related to us a capital anecdote which was told by Powers, while a party of Americans were whiling away an evening at his house in Florence. The great sculptor is said to be a born wag, and tells a Yankee story in a style, that not even Marble or Hill can ever hope to imitate. We know that the anecdote must suffer in our hands, yet we shall attempt to give it as nearly as possible in the words of the artist.

A few months since, said Powers, I received a letter, post-marked at Leghorn, which proved to be the commencement of a correspondence from an eccentric genius that I had never seen nor heard of before. The old gentleman, for such I knew him to be by his style and penmanship, wrote me that he had experienced a very tedious passage from Boston, was dreadful sea-sick on the voyage, had a gale of wind every few days, stated how many fellow-passengers he had, how many ropes had been broken, how he had fared, &c. &c. and all this in the plainest, simplest, and most unsophisticated style, and with as much freedom and familiarity as though he had been my father, and I must necessarily feel a deep interest in every incident of his travels.

A few days afterwards I received another letter, in which he told me all that had occurred to him since he landed in Italy, and stating, three or four times before he concluded, that he had written to me a few days before! He informed me also, that he would be at Florence in a few days, when he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing me "face to face." He thought, however, that this pleasure might possibly be delayed a few weeks, for he was of half a mind to go down to Rome and Naples before he visited me.

Three days afterwards I received a third letter from my unknown friend, in which he said he was sorry to inform me that he had fully determined to go to the south of Italy, repeatedly dwelling upon his regret he could not come straight to see me, and at the same time informed me that he was "pretty well off in the world," having made "as much as he should want, by trading in Boston," and having "no chick nor child to cry for bread." In each of the two latter epistles he was careful to advert to the previous communications, and to recapitulate all that he had said in them, in a style not much unlike that for which Mr. Slick is so notorious, and in a hand-writing which required all my *powers* (and I have a family of some five or six) to decipher.

But the most amusing things in the last letter, were the *nota bene* and *postscripts* with which, by the way, they all more or less, abounded. And having made two or three at the foot of the third letter, the old gentleman could not put it into the post without adding two or three more on the back after it was sealed. Those on the back ran thus:

"N. B. I think, after all, I shall see you in a few days."

"P. S. If I do not see you, I will write to you."

"P. S. *again*. If you should not hear from me in a month, you may conclude that I have gone to the *Holy Land*."

Well, continued Powers, in his peculiarly humorous and happy manner, while I did not complain at paying postage on the old gentleman's letters, I must confess that I felt rather pleased at the idea that he was probably on his way to Jerusalem, for he did not seem to need any of my assistance in anything, and the information which he communicated had not aided me much in my profession, producing always a degree of excitement in the risible faculties too immoderate to be beneficial.

Some two months afterwards, while occupied, chisel in hand, over some of the finishing traces of my favorite "Eve," an old gentleman, with a slouched hat and a pepper and salt coat with heavy sagging pockets at the sides, entered my studio, and took a seat upon a block of marble. I made him my best bow, invited him to a chair, and continued my work. He then pulled a corn-cob out of one pocket, and the barrel of a goose-quill out of the other, and inserting the latter into the former, asked me if I ever smoked. On being answered in the negative, he said, "I always smoke when I can get a chance;" and, raking a brimstone match along the bottom of his left shoe, set fire to the tobacco with which he had loaded his pipe, and began puffing away like a steamboat. After sitting and smoking for about a quarter of an hour, he stood up, and looking me full in the face, asked, with a genuine "Down East" drawl—

"Is your name *Powers?*"

"That is my name, sir."

"What! *Hiram* Powers?"

"The same, sir—your humble servant."

"Wal, you'er the very man I wanted to see. I've writ you *three* letters."

"I am aware of that, sir—I received them."

"I'm from Boston, myself, and I b'lieve you are from them are parts somewhere, and bein' as you was the only American I had ever heard of here in Italy, I just thought I would write you a letter when I got to shore. I am very sorry that I could not get here before; but there was no help for it."

I assured him that it afforded me great pleasure to meet him, and offered my services for any purpose that he might please to command them. He repeated verbally that he had before written—that he had "made as much he should want, by trading in Boston," "was pretty well off in the world," and "had no chick nor child to cry for bread." He seemed to be pleased with the figures and busts around him, making the most particular inquiries about every piece.

"What is that one?" he asked.

"That is my Greek Slave."

"Du tell! Did you ever see a Greek Slave?"

"I have, and have endeavored faithfully to represent one in that figure."

"It is a great pity that so pretty a woman should be in chains. And what is *this*—this 'ere small figure of a boy, with a conch-shell at hisear, and a fisherman's seine in his hand?"

"This is my Fisher-boy—an ideal figure, illustrative of the beautiful superstition among Eastern fishermen, that they can tell whether the storm is approaching, by holding to their ear the sea shell."

"Why he really looks like a live feller a listenin'."

"And what is that 'ere you're at work on?"

"This is intended to represent Eve, holding in her hand the forbidden fruit."

"Wal, its my opinion, Mr. Powers, that all these *statty's*, as you call 'em, would look a good deal better if they had some clothes on."

"But you must confess they would not look so natural."

"O, yes; but what's the price of that are piece of stattyary you are making there?"

"It should be worth from four to five thousand dollars; I think."

"What! five thousand dollars for *that are:* I had thought I should buy me a piece of *stattyary* before I go home, but *that's* out of the question! *Hasn't stattyary riz, lately?* How's paintins here now?"

I informed him that I hadn't noticed any "sudden change in the market," when he replied that I was "a leetle too hard" for him, and bade me good morning. Whether he purchased any statuary or paintings before leaving for home, I did not learn. He was so astonished at my price for Eve, that a period was put to our correspondence.

Such is the story which we have undertaken to give our readers second-hand from the great sculptor. There is no American residing abroad who is prouder of his country and its institutions than Powers, and he would be the last to say a disparaging word against one of his own countrymen to foreigners. Nevertheless, being himself a Yankee boy, he enjoys a Yankee story with great relish, and never fails to entertain a company of American friends with more or less of his New England anecdotes, and stories of New England characters.

From the London Punch.

FIGHTING MISSIONARIES.

It is a pity that Exeter Hall should ever be confounded with Woolwich Arsenal. A pity is it, that a fabric expressly built and dedicated to the gatherings of Christian Charity—where she pleases to call her working children, the bright ones of the earth, together—should be made to "smell woundily of gunpowder." But so, within these few days, it has been. A meeting of the London Missionary Society has been held at the Hall, for the purpose of considering the naughty doings of the French blusterers at Tahiti; and the means proposed to meet the wrongs committed, was, to do further wrong. The best remedy for the wound was a gunpowder plaster! One reverend gentleman proved that he had been mi-placed by fate: certes, he should have been a post-captain, and not a meek, black-coated preacher of the Christian Mission,—for, with a quickness worthy of Sir Charles Napier, he enumerated the English naval force off Tahiti, indignantly compared it with the force of France on the same station, made a bold joke about Jack Ketch, and finally implied the necessity of sending Mr. Pritchard back to his consulate, with all the hubbub and glory of shot and gunpowder. For our own part, we think the lips of Christian charity all-sufficient to settle the difference; and should be very loth to call in the teeth of a man-of-war. If, however, the London Mission think otherwise, we would earnestly counsel them to address themselves to Captain Warner, whose secret is still in the market; and who, doubtless, if only to spite Peel and the other unbelievers, would be very happy to treat with the peace-loving men of Exeter Hall for a reasonable remuneration. Thus, with the London Mission possessed of Warner's secret, they might disseminate practical benevolence by means of the long range, and insinuate true Christianity among the heathen by the invisible shell.

MONUMENT TO DR. CHANNING.

Another object of hallowed interest to very many persons, citizens and foreigners, has now found its place in the cemetery at Mount Auburn. To the monuments of Buckminster, Worcester, and Kirkland, is now added that of Channing. Tuckerman and Ware have, as yet, no memorial there, over their remains. The monument to Dr. Channing, which has just been completed and set in its place, is a large rectangular table stone of marble, surmounted by a small and graceful urn. On one side is the following simple inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING,

Honored throughout Christendom for his eloquence and courage in maintaining and advancing the Great Cause of Truth, Religion, and Human Freedom, this monument is gratefully and reverently erected, by the Christian Society of which, during nearly forty years, he was Pastor."

On the other side is the following:

HERE REST THE REMAINS OF
WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING,

Born 7th April, 1780, at Newport, Rhode Island; ordained 1st June, 1803, as a Minister of Jesus Christ to the Society worshipping God in Federal street, Boston.

Died 2d October, 1842, while on a journey, at Bennington, Vermont.—*Christian Register.*

TRANQUILIZING EFFECT OF PICTURES.

Every good picture (by which I mean every picture that has something good in it), is not mere surface and color: it has a *countenance*, like the countenance of a friend or lover, of which extent certain expressions are revealed only to certain eyes at certain moments. Then there are the associations of long acquaintance; accidental gleams of lamp or sunshine have lighted up the shadowy nooks, and startled the eye with revelations of hidden beauty and meaning; or, in hours of lassitude and sorrow, hours when the "fretful stir unprofitable" of this painful actual world has hung heavy on the spirit, the light breaking from behind the trees of far-off distance, stretching away, and leading the fancy after it, till it melts into Elysium, or rural groups, revels of satyrs, or clouds, or face of pure-eyed virgin or serene saint, has arrested the troubled course of thought, and stamped a consecration on certain pictures which it would be a pleasure to see commemorated, but which no accidental visitor can enter into. "I cannot express to you," said a most distinguished statesman of the present day, as we stood in the midst of his beautiful pictures, "I cannot express to you my feelings of tranquillity, of restoration, with which, in an interval of harassing official business, I look round me here." And while he spoke in the slow, quiet tone of a weary man, he turned his eyes on a forest scene of Ruysdaal, and gazed on it for a minute or two in silence—a silence I was careful not to break—as if its cool, dewy verdure, its deep seclusions, its transparent waters stealing through the glade, had sent refreshment into his very soul.—*Mrs. Johnson's Companion to Picture Galleries of London.*

The daughter of Patrick Henry, who married Robert Campbell, (a brother of the English poet,) still survives, as we learn by the *National Intelligencer*, in Virginia—"not unmarked with some of the paternal accomplishments which manifested themselves in that race in more than one generation, singularly among the female descendants." The same paper adds—

"Another of Mr. Henry's daughters, Mrs. Fountain, was reputed to possess a natural eloquence, not unlike her father's. The same faculty shone out singularly, too, in the youngest of the great orator's sisters, the wife of General Campbell, the hero of King's Mountain. From the only child borne by this lady to General Campbell, (at least the only one that lived beyond childhood,) is sprung the Hon. William Campbell Preston, of South Carolina.

We chance to know that, in a youthful visit of this latter gentleman to Europe, in 1819–'20, he was received by the poet as of double relationship to him, both through the Campbells and Henrys, and that through him, in a subsequent residence in Scotland, he was introduced to the kindness and hospitality of Walter Scott, Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, Mr. Jeffrey, and other leading *celebrites* (to borrow a French term) of Edinburgh."

Books,

For Sale at the Office of the American A. S. Society, 142 Nassau St. N. Y.

THE LIBERTY BELL of 1844, an Annual, published for the Massachusetts Fair, and consisting of various original articles, from the ablest Anti-Slavery writers in this country, Great Britain and Ireland.

XIMENA, AND OTHER POEMS, by *James Bayard Taylor.* Philadelphia, 1844.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THIEVES, or a true picture of the AMERICAN CHURCH AND CLERGY, by *S. S. Foster;* and various other standard Anti-Slavery works.

New-York, July 4, 1844.

TEXAN REVOLUTION.

Republished (with additions) at Washington, D. C., from the Northampton (Mass.) Gazette.

To which is added,—

A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON, ON THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS, AND THE LATE OUTRAGE IN CALIFORNIA—REPUBLISHED, WITH ADDITIONS FROM THE LIBERATOR. By Probus.

This is a pamphlet of about 100 large octavo pages. Only a small part consists of the republications; the additions being ten or twelve times larger than the originals. The subjects discussed, are:—

I. The history and merits of the Texan Revolution, under the following heads:

1. The perfidy of the President, and the lawless proceedings of citizens of the United States, who went to Texas "to sow a rebellion."

2. Kindness, hospitality, and generosity of the Mexicans; ingratitude and treachery of the revolutionists.

3. Pretexts of the Revolution. Under this head is a very full account of the political changes which have taken place in Mexico, and of their causes;—the working of the Federative or Federal form of Government, as compared with the Consolidated or Central, in the South American States; a comparative history of *Nullification* in Mexico and the United States; the difference between the South American Federal and Central systems substantially that between our present form of government, and the form proposed by ALEXANDER HAMILTON; the political history of the South American States, and the history and prospects of nullification in the United States, some test of the comparative value of the two systems.

4. Real Causes of the Texan Revolution.

II. The subject of the second Part, or Letter, is the design of annexing Texas to this Union, *at the first session of the next Congress.* The subdivisions of this subject are:—

1. Review of a letter (said to have been, originally, private,) of ex-Governor Gilmer, of Virginia, on the necessity of the speedy annexation of Texas.

2. The principles, speeches, reports, official correspondence, and operations of the leading and confidential friends of John Tyler, in the Cabinet, and in Congress; the alliance between them and the leading members of the democratic party for the extension and perpetuation of slavery and the slave trade, by the acquisition of Texas and California; the outrage committed by Commodore Jones in the latter province, a part, and in execution, of the secret schemes of the cabinet, and a natural result of their spirit and purposes; the ostensible reasons for that outrage examined.

3. The determination and tendency of their policy to bring about a war between the United States of the one part, and Mexico and Great Britain of the other; it being perfectly understood that the former cannot be despoiled of territory fifteen times as large as the State of New-York, and eighty times as large as Massachusetts, without war with Great Britain, as well as with her.

4. The Oregon Bill, a part of the said schemes.

5. The questions of *Visitation* and *Search*, on the coast of Africa, for the arrest of slave trading pirates; the actual extent of the slave trade, and its exclusive prosecution under the American flag; the Quintuple and Ashburton Treaties, Gen. Cass's pamphlet and correspondence in France.

6. Negotiations of our government with Mexico for the cession of Texas and California, from the accession of Gen. Jackson to the present time; Character and proceedings of Messrs. Poinsett and Butler, ministers of the United States, in Mexico; suppression, and probable destruction of official documents; *corruption* brought to light; correspondence of Messrs. Webster and Thompson, with Messrs. de Bocanegra and Almonte; *mistranslations*, in our Department of State, and in our Legation at Mexico, of Mexican official documents.

APPENDIX.

1. John Quincy Adams's opinion of the conduct of our government towards Mexico, extracted from his address to his constituents, September 12, 1842.

2. Collection of Proclamations of neutrality, issued by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Van Buren, and Tyler.

☞ For Sale at this Office.

FREE CALICOES!

JUST received, 1 case fine calicoes. Also, 2 cases fine shirting muslins; together with a large assortment of other free dry goods, at reduced prices, wholesale and retail.

CHARLES WISE,
Northwest corner Arch and Fifth streets
Philadelphia, 8th, mo. 17th 1843. tf.

Education and Industry!

THE Northampton Association of Education and Industry have appropriated a suitable tenement for the accommodation of fifteen or twenty boarding pupils. They will be members of a family, under the care of the Director of Education, assisted by his wife, and other teachers, and will be subject to the same treatment and regulations as pupils who are members of the association.—The name of the association indicates the idea of culture, towards the realization of which our efforts will be directed. Systematic, habitual industry is deem